

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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With Coloured Supplement: The Dardanelles Operations. SIXPENCE.

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ALMOST AS TALL AS A MAN! A GREAT BOMB USED BY THE ALLIES' AIRMEN AT GALLIPOLI.

At the Dardanelles the airmen of the Allies have rendered invaluable services, and have established a decided superiority over the enemy. Beginning with "spotting" and range-indicating for the "Queen Elizabeth" and other battle-ships in the earlier fort-bombardments, and bomb-dropping on Turkish transports, they have materially assisted the land fighting by bombing the Turkish camps and trenches, and carrying out daring

reconnaisances far and wide. One recent exploit, mentioned in an official message, was the attack on a railway station near Enos (near Dedegach, on the mainland), on November 19. One British pilot was brought down; but he destroyed his machine, and was gallantly rescued by his comrade before the enemy reached him. The destructive capacity of a giant bomb such as that shown in the above photograph may be left to the reader's imagination.

PHOTOGRAPH BY PRESS BUREAU.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"L'ENFANT PRODIGE" AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

TO-DAY "L'Enfant Prodiges" is by way of being a modern classic, and we in England have treated it as we are in the habit of treating so many of our own classics—we have talked of it admiringly to younger folk, and left it on the shelf. So familiar, however, and still appealing is its story, so youthfully has the famous score of M. Wormser carried its years, that age finds no need to apologise for its transports to youth now that the little mime-play is revived after something like a quarter of a century's interval. You would as soon think of criticising this perfect thing, however youthful or crabbed, as of picking holes in "Peter Pan." The reviewer's sole business in this connection is surely, after repeating old praise, to discover if new talent as brilliantly interprets the Pierrot tale as did the original cast. Of the former six, M. Louis Gouget as the zany of a Baron with whom naughty Phrynette elopes, is the one member resuming his rôle. But we have got now from Mr. Gilbert Dalleu as good an old Pierrot, whether in jovial or angry or melancholy mood, as we could possibly wish for; and the pathetic mother of Mlle. Eugénie Nau is the right sort of foil. Perhaps the touch of fancy is a little to seek in Miss Yvonne Arnaud's clever little portrait of Gallic coquetry; but, if the Phrynette is rather too realistic, the new "Enfant Prodiges" is a revelation of charm and grace and poetic feeling. Mlle. May probably put a little more drama into her performance, but there is so much that is beautiful and enchanting in Mlle. Mielly's work that one scarcely cares to try to institute comparisons.

OUR DARDANELLES SUPPLEMENT.

WE have the pleasure of presenting our readers this week with a Supplement of most unusual interest and value. It consists of eight pages, and four of them are in colour from the paintings made by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, R.I., as the outcome of his personal and trained observation while serving in the Navy at the Dardanelles. These are the first coloured pictures of those historic operations to be published, and the well-known skill of Mr. Norman Wilkinson, his fine sense of colour, and his intimate knowledge of naval technicalities to the smallest detail, make this Supplement a unique souvenir of the operations which will be for all time one of the most remarkable episodes of the greatest and most epoch-making war in the history of the world. Mr. Norman Wilkinson has painted the scenes which he saw with the accuracy which is a characteristic of all his work, and the result is a series of pictures which possess the charm of art and the distinction of historic value.

Among the most attractive Christmas cards and calendars on the market are the well-known "Union Jack" series of publications, issued by Messrs. G. Delgado, of 55, East Road, City Road, N. The "Union Jack" productions are, and always have been, designed, engraved, and printed at the firm's own factory in London. There are some useful novelties among the new calendars for this season. One, for example, is combined with a blotting-book; another with a book for recording engagements; a third with a housewife's memorandum-book of household requirements, for shopping and ordering purposes. These practical calendars are an improvement on the merely ornamental.

It was certainly fitting that those well-known publishers of military and naval books, Messrs. Gale and Polden, of Aldershot, London, and Portsmouth, should be among the firms that have set out to capture the enemy's trade. Their enlarged sphere of operations is that of colour-printing, in which German and Bavarian firms too long held a pre-eminence. Since the war began, Messrs. Gale and Polden have greatly extended their colour-printing department, previously restricted to military publications, in order to include children's toy-books, Christmas-cards and calendars, pictures for framing, picture post-cards illustrating life in the Army and Navy, and military and naval flags, medals, crests, badges, and ribbons, reproduced in colour on large folding sheets. The results finally disprove the old libel that no good and cheap colour-printing could come out of England. For the second year in succession they have had the honour of producing a Christmas-card for the Queen. Their books for children are beautifully printed, with illustrations by such first-rate artists as John Hassall, Cecil Aldin, Lawson Wood, Tony Sarg, J. Finnemore, Ernest Aris, and others. Yet, with the exception of four at one-and-sixpence, the price of these books is only a shilling. We have received a number of specimens of the various publications mentioned above, and all are excellent. In addition, there is a thrilling story of the present war—"The Greater Power," by Guy Thorac (in paper covers; 1s. net), which successfully inaugurates a fiction department of this enterprising British publishing house.

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"THE BETTER MEN":

THE SECOND BATTLE OF YPRES.*

THIS is the epic of the Second Battle of Ypres; a story of a salient by a city become a shadow. The fight was less critical than the first of its name. It was an episode. Yet it made history. "So far as attrition went, the balance of success may be said to have been with the German side," although, with all his use of heavy artillery and gas, the enemy failed to win any special advantage of position. But the moral gain was ours; and, in a manner, the actual.

The battle was "the first event which really brought home to the British people the inferiority of our machine which handicapped our man-power"; and it led indirectly to the reconstruction of the Government. That is of secondary importance, as are all things political when the freedom of Europe is at stake. The real matter is that "no battle in the war so convinced us of our superiority in manhood, and inspired our troops with a stronger optimism, or a more stubborn determination. We learned that we had now a homogeneous army, in which it was hard to say that one part was better than another. The Territorials, infantry and cavalry, whether they had been out since November or had left home a few days before, held their ground in the most nerve-racking kind of conflict with the valour and discipline of veterans. . . . The miners of South Wales and North England, the hinds and the mechanics of the Scottish Lowlands, the shepherds and gillies of the Highlands, the clerks and shop-boys of London and the provincial cities, were alike in their fighting value. They were led, and often brilliantly led, by men who a little time before had been merchants, and solicitors, and architects. . . . One lean veteran had a year ago been a spruce clerk on the Stock Exchange, travelling to the City every morning in the sombre regimentals of his class. He looked now like a big-game hunter from Equatorial Africa. Another stern disciplinarian of a non-commissioned officer was a year ago a business man who cultivated tulips in his suburban garden. Now from him to Surbiton was a far cry. A grimy private from whom one asked the way answered in the familiar accents of Oxford. Two men, fresh from battle, and full of keen professional interest, were once London shop-walkers."

More: "There is an optimism which is far more merciless than any pessimism, for it knows the worst and is still unafraid. Our troops at Ypres had dwelt long in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and had trod the very pavements of hell. They came out of it silent, weary, bereaved, but unshaken in the faith. They knew themselves the better men in all that makes for human worth, and they knew that some day the German machine would be broken, and that then the human factor, which in the last resort gives victory, would prove its quality. That day might be delayed, though waited for as a sick man waits for morning, but its advent was as certain as the rising of the sun. From Ypres, too, they brought another bequest. They were resolved beyond all suspicion of a doubt to conquer, for they now understood that they were fighting the enemies of the human race. The news of the sinking of the *Lusitania* on 7th May, added to the horrors of the gas, worked a strange transformation in our good-humoured and tolerant soldiery. It filled them with a seriousness beyond anything in their history. It was not hatred, for it had nothing personal in it; it was a resolve that an unclean thing should altogether disappear from the world."

In the Valley of the Shadow—"One of the truest of our younger poets, Rupert Brooke, who died while serving in the Dardanelles, wrote in his last months a sonnet on the consolation of death in war—

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed.

"In the salient of Ypres there are not less than a hundred thousand graves of Allied soldiers, sometimes marked by plain wooden crosses, sometimes obliterated by the debris of ruined trenches, sometimes hidden in corners of fields and beneath clumps of chestnuts. That ground is for ever England; and it is also for ever France, for there the men of Dubois died around Bixchoote and on the Klein Zillebeke ridge. When the war is over this triangle of meadowland, with a ruined city for its base, will be an enclave of Belgian soil consecrated as the holy land of two great peoples. It may be that it will be specially set apart as a memorial place; it may be that it will be unmarked, and that the country folk will till and reap as before over the vanishing trench lines. But it will never be common ground. It will be for us the most hallowed spot on earth, for it holds our bravest dead, and it is the proof and record of a new spirit. In the past when we have thought of Ypres we have thought of the British flag preserved there, which Clare's Regiment, fighting for France, captured at the Battle of Ramillies. The name of the little Flemish town has recalled the divisions in our own race and the centuries-old conflict between France and Britain. But from now and henceforth it will have other memories. It will stand as a symbol of unity and alliance. . . ."

Thus Mr. John Buchan. It is not easy—it is exceptionally difficult—to tell a true story of History that is in the making. That Mr. Buchan is able to do so is a great tribute to his abilities, to his powers of observation and description, to his analytical methods and his knowledge. The success of his "Nelson's History of the War" is as well served as it is assured.

* See: "Nelson's History of the War." By John Buchan. Volume VII. (1s. net.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

LORD FISHER, in the House of Lords, said the wisest and most public-spirited thing that has been said in our recent political discussions. He said nothing. He is the only person who has not tried to prove himself right; and he has put all the others in the wrong. There have been far too many personal explanations of late; and the proper time for them is after the war. The flagrant evils of our political system will be dealt with, I hope, when some thousands of working-men who are now fighting-men come back to help us to deal with them. At present there is only one very urgent explanation that must be made; and that must be made, not by the politicians, but to them. I, for one, am authoritarian during the crisis itself. I am against factiousness, either in journalists such as I am or in other journalists such as I thank God I am not, or in politicians such as they are, or in Suffragettes in the Albert Hall. I am, in this very practical sense, entirely for trusting the Government—that is, the politicians. But there really is one explanation that ought to be made to them: once, and for all.

It is this—that we are not trusting them as extraordinary men, but as ordinary men. Strength is the great weakness of politicians. They are haunted by the decayed Carlylean fancy that a nation in peril must be saved by a Great Man; and each of them is always trying to prove that he was the Great Man and all his colleagues were impiously blind to the fact. They are wrong from the very root. A great nation in peril is saved by a great nation, or else it is not saved at all. Napoleon could have done nothing without Revolutionary France. Finding a Napoleon is a strength; but looking for a Napoleon is invariably a weakness. General Joffre, in an anecdote which may not be true, but which would be very creditable to his strong humour and sense, is reported as having said that Napoleon "would probably have thought of something." This is true; it is also useless. Merely trying to think of something leads to thinking of anything. We see it in the sterile violence of the new schools of art, which say "I am going to do something original," when they have: not thought of anything to do. Here is the great snare for statesmen. And we, who are supporting their sane authority against sedition and panic, must warn them against this great temptation. They must be cured of being strong men. They must be saved from saving the State. Serving the State is all that is asked of them, and this they are quite competent to do.

I trust a Cabinet Minister exactly as I trust a cabman. He is a man; and there is no reason to suppose he is mad. He is not generally so entertaining as a cabman; but it happens to be his business at the moment to drive the political cab, and he certainly will not drive it through the deadly traffic any better because I am continually snatching at the reins—or (since one must be modern) the steering-wheel. I refrain from speaking to the man at the wheel not because he is wiser than anybody, or even wiser than I, but because it is the paradox of steering that one man, who may not be wiser than anybody individually, must be wiser than everybody put together. There must be a man at the wheel simply

because there cannot be a mob at the wheel—or even a crew at the wheel. Now if anything be wanted for the steersman beyond the bare knowledge of how to steer, it is not a masterful personality; still less a mystical pride in it. On the contrary, he will probably steer much better for being modest, and remembering that there is nothing at the wheel but a man. I say without hesitation to the Minister—

Be good, sweet Minister; and let who can be clever. Do ordinary things, not defend them all day long.

The only weaknesses against which the public man should be warned are moral weaknesses: the luxury and the avarice which may easily weaken any man till he is within touch of treason and blackmail. He cannot add a cubit to his mental stature, but he can take care of his moral health. The one or two weak points in our present polity are not in the new complications, which may be a

could not even lose it. This will, of course, be difficult, because keeping before the footlights has become for them what it is for popular actors, and if they cannot succeed in public they would rather fail in public—as an actress, it is said, will sometimes lose her jewels instead of wearing them. The politicians wish to be forgiven, but not to be forgotten. Yet at the present moment it would probably be the best possible thing for them and everybody else if they were entirely forgotten, as the very able men who prepared our Navy for this war were forgotten in time of peace. In the plutocratic compromise or deadlock that was called politics just before the war, it was not in the nature of things that any leader should arise who was in the highest sense popular. It is at present a wild and Utopian vision that a place-holder should be the best man for the place. It is madness to hope that every man should think him so. The very best would be that the ruler should be every man's second best. For every man's very best is very liable to be himself—or at least somebody for some reason very pleasing to himself. It will be enough for us if we can trust statesmen as we trust permanent officials—not because we have chosen them, but because they have been chosen. We must be content if a whole Government is half as good as a Government Office clerk.

I suppose it would be hard to conduct our politics while making this very modest claim for our politicians—the claim that they may be supposed to know something of their daily occupation, and are no stupider than other men. It would not be a rousing election poster which should be inscribed "Vote for Gubbins; He Is Not Mad," or "Vote for Snubbins, The Two-Eyed Candidate." But there is a more serious way of considering the same thing, which has in it something better than mockery. For this is a time in which we are trusting to ordinary men in a sense more vital than any pantomime of party elections, trusting to them for the most terrible of mortal virtues, for the most final of earthly sacrifices. There runs through the whole nature of armies a democratic idea of which the best symbol is the sentinel. There is a time and a condition

in which that which must be an accident must also be an essential. The sentry is only a soldier like the others, perhaps stupider or worse than the others, standing where he is by the most random of destinies. Yet the sentry at a given moment may be more important than the Commander-in-Chief. I have no illusions about the political machinery by which men are chosen to rule us, or about the wealthy class from which they are mostly chosen. Many of them are weak, some wicked, all accidental. But so are many of those much poorer and much more important men to whom we have trusted day and night to save the hearths and altars of civilisation from the nihilist millions that poured upon us out of the North. There also accident and sin and weakness have played their part, as well as patriotism and chivalry, in gathering men for the hardest of human trades. We can surely ask of the statesmen as of the soldiers that they should become better than themselves—that they should not be slaves of the past, but masters of the future. We have asked it of men more ignorant, and not in vain.

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THE CONSULTATION IN PARIS BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH WAR COUNCIL AND THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT: SIR EDWARD GREY, MR. ASQUITH, AND THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

The Foreign Office announced on the 17th: "The Prime Minister, the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and the Minister of Munitions, accompanied by their Naval, Military, and Diplomatic Advisers, have arrived in Paris for the purpose of consultation with the French Government." The British Ministers and their party arrived in London on their return on the evening of November 18. The British Ambassador in Paris, formerly known as Sir Francis Bertie, was created a Baron of the United Kingdom on the occasion of the Birthday Honours. The photograph was taken as the party were leaving the French Foreign Office.—[Photo. S. and G.]

politician's blunder, but in the old scandals, which were his fault.

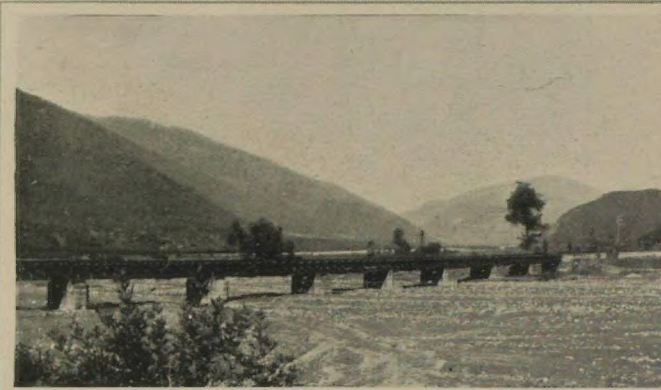
In short, the recent mistakes of our rulers have been mainly excusable; it is their defences that are indefensible. I shall not specially blame a cabman if he thinks he can find a short cut and get round a block if he fails to do so, and we are both brought for some time to a standstill. The block depends on many people besides himself, and there was nothing outrageously improbable in his plan. But I greatly prefer that the cabman should not while away the passing hours by a description of all his sentiments, while passing all the vehicles on the road, of why he took the right of one omnibus but not of another, of how earnestly he watched over my safety, of how no other cabman could have done it so well, and how his conscience forbids him any longer to conceal his merits. The politicians will do this; and it comes from a habit of self-importance which is merely increased by wild denunciations of them. It is not sufficient to say that they by themselves cannot win the war. It must be broken to them gently that they

THE SERBIAN CAMPAIGN, AND THE "THREAD" IT HANGS ON ON THE SALONIKA RAILWAY AND THE VARDAR.

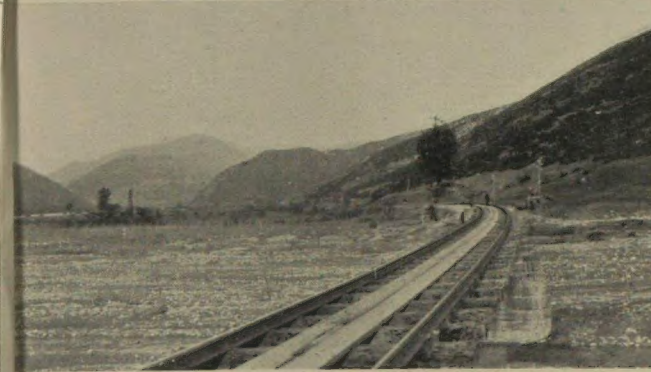
PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL SARRAIL BY JAMES HARE.



FOLLOWED SLAVISHLY BY THE RAILWAY: "THE BROWN, BROAD, SWIRLING VARDAR."



A VITAL LINK IN THE CHAIN OF COMMUNICATIONS: A RAILWAY BRIDGE OVER THE VARDAR NEAR STRUMNITZA STATION.



"THE THREAD ON WHICH OUR CAMPAIGN IN THE BALKANS HANGS: AN INSIGNIFICANT-LOOKING, SINGLE-LINE RAILWAY."



WHERE THERE IS NO LACK OF WATER FOR MAN AND BEAST: A SCENE TO THE NORTH OF STRUMNITZA STATION.



SHOWING SOME OF THE PECULIAR STRUCTURES WHICH ARE A FEATURE OF THE LOCALITY: SERBIAN PEASANTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF STRUMNITZA STATION.



THE BRILLIANT COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH EXPEDITION TO SERBIA: GENERAL SARRAIL—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING THE OPERATIONS.



BRITISH TROOPS FILLING A WATER-TANK AT A SPRING IN A ROCK: ON THE FATARLI ROAD.



THE GUARDING OF THE FLAG: A GROUP OF FRENCH AND SERBIAN SOLDIERS—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN SERBIA.



RESTING ON PILED ARMS: THE FLAG OF A FRENCH INFANTRY REGIMENT IN SERBIA.



TYPES OF A PEOPLE THAT HAVE SUFFERED TERRIBLY FROM THE BULGARIAN INVASION: SERBIAN PEASANTS.

These interesting photographs illustrate the region in which the Allies are fighting in Serbia, the news from which, at the moment of writing, is rather more encouraging, stating that the Serbians have reoccupied their former Veles-Prilep line. In an interesting article on the French operations, Mr. G. Ward Price wrote recently: "An insignificant-looking, single-line railway, with grass often growing between the metals, which runs up from Salonika by the side of the brown, broad, swirling Vardar, following it slavishly, curve for curve—that is the thread on which our campaign in the Balkans hangs. Along that single track every man of reinforcements, every ounce of munitions and supplies, has to be carried. There is no other road or railway. . . . It passes through several narrow ravines. . . . The longest of these gorges is the Demir Kapu ravine, about ninety miles up-stream from Salonika. . . . The first thing General Sarrail did when he arrived at Salonika on October 12, therefore, was to push troops as fast as possible up the railway to prevent the Bulgarians from coming

down and putting the stopper in this bottle-neck. The first French rail-head on the line from Salonika northwards was made at Strumnitza, a station which is just before you come to the Demir Kapu ravine. . . . Here is the only place where the line crosses the Vardar and runs along its eastern or Bulgarian side for some distance. He threw out detachments along the heights towards the Bulgarian frontier, and then pushed still further up the railway past the Demir Kapu ravine to Krivolak, where, after some fighting, the French have established a strong bridge-head on the east side of the Vardar." The railway at Krivolak is shown in the third photograph from the left at the top. The photograph to the left of it shows the first bridge after Strumnitza Station going towards Krivolak. In the photograph on the extreme right in the bottom row, the mountains in the background are those on the Serbo-Bulgarian frontier. In the clear atmosphere shells from French "75" guns can be seen bursting.

TRENCHES AS PLAYGROUNDS! A SIGN OF THE SAVING OF PARIS.



WHERE CHILDREN ARE TO PLAY THEIR WAR-GAMES! TRENCHES DUG FOR THE DEFENCE OF PARIS IN WOODS AND GARDENS IN THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE CITY.



WHERE, INSTEAD OF REAL BATTLES, CHILDREN WILL WAGE MIMIC WARFARE: A BROAD SECTION OF THE TRENCHES NEAR PARIS.



NOW TO BE A PLAYGROUND FOR CHILDISH WARRIORS: PART OF THE ENTRENCHMENTS FOR THE DEFENCE OF PARIS RENDERED UNNECESSARY BY THE VICTORY OF THE MARNE AND THE SUBSEQUENT COURSE OF THE WAR

It was the dream of the German Army to make a swift advance upon Paris at the beginning of the war—a dream that was shattered by the glorious victory of the French and British troops in the great Battle of the Marne, in the early days of September 1914, when they turned upon the invaders and drove them back, thus saving the capital from the peril that had threatened it. The defences of Paris, it may be recalled, were organised by General Gallieni, the Military Governor of the city, who sent out a force

in taxi-cabs to take part in the battle. The autumnal fall of leaves in the woods near Paris allows a better view of the trenches and dug-outs that were constructed to defend it. In these, when spring comes again, children will play their mimic games of war, among the earthworks that were made for their fathers to fight in in grim earnest should the hated foe draw near the capital. And so the whirligig of Time brings in its revenges.

THE DASTARDLY WORK OF THE "U" BOAT: MURDER AT SEA.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. S. SPENCE.



IN MEMORY OF THE "ANCONA"—TORPEDOED BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE.

This illustration shows a terrible, heartrending scene of a kind witnessed when the Italian liner "Ancona" was sunk in the Mediterranean by an enemy submarine on November 8. As, unfortunately, has happened often when a passenger-vessel has met with sudden disaster while on her voyage, in the rush and haste to get the boats quickly into the water the falls and tackles at bows and stern have jammed, or slackened in lowering prematurely at either end of the boat, flinging helplessly

into the sea the unfortunate people who had already found seats. On board the "Ancona," as a British survivor describes: "In the confusion, many of the boats were not altogether free from the davits and were overturned by their heavy loads, the occupants being thrown into the water. Many struggled before our eyes until they were drowned. The shrieks of women and children rent the air, but no help, it appeared, could be given."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE SNAKE OF WAR CRAWLS UP THE ETERNAL SNOWS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BROCHEREL.



CAMPAIGNING AMONG THE SNOW-CLAD PEAKS OF THE ALPS: A ZIG-ZAG LINE OF ITALIAN ALPINI ASCENDING THE SLOPES OF MONTE ADAMELLO.

To the difficulties of Alpine warfare, with which the Italian troops have all along so gallantly contended, are now added the rigours of winter. Since the beginning of October all the mountains above the height of 3000 feet have been entirely covered with snow, and the temperature at night is many degrees below zero. Yet the Italians continue their operations against the Austrians in the Trentino and on the Isonzo front

with the utmost hardihood and endurance. Latterly, especially on the Isonzo near Gorizia, they have achieved some important successes. Monte Adamello, on whose slopes the above photograph was taken, is a peak of 11,655 feet on the western side of the Trentino, near the Tonale Pass, and between twenty and thirty miles south of Mount Ortler and the Stelvio Pass.

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOUR: OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HIRKATT, LAFAYETTE, HERESFORD, SWAINE, AND ELLIS AND WALERY.



CAPTAIN REGINALD A. FAIRE,
LEICESTERSHIRE REGT.



FLIGHT-SUB-LT. J. T. BONE,
R.N.A.S.



2ND LT. W. J. R. MCCONNOCHIE,
ROYAL FLYING CORPS.



FL.-SUB-LT. G. W. HILLIARD,
R.N.A.S.



CAPTAIN A. L. SAMSON,
ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS.



MAJOR KENELM R. MCCLOGHLIN,
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CAPTAIN OSWALD WALKER,
15TH HUSSARS.



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CAPTAIN LORD VERNON,
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MAJ. HOWARD VYSE WELCH,
E. SURREY REGT.



CAPTAIN S. G. SPENCER,
ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGT.



2ND LIEUT. M. DAVIES,
DEVONSHIRE REGT.



LIEUT. L. W. SWEET-ESCOTT,
OXFORD AND BUCKS L.I.



LIEUT. R. W. RYALL,
2/8TH GURKHA RIFLES.



2ND LT. G. BUCHANAN SMITH,
GORDON HIGHLANDERS



2ND LIEUT. F. J. ILIFF,
S. STAFFS. REGT.

Our portraits of officers who have been killed in action include this week those of two well-known Peers, the Earl of Seafield, and Lord Vernon. The Earl of Seafield died of wounds received while serving as Captain in the 5th Cameron Highlanders, on the Western front. Lord Seafield, who was not quite forty, was Chief of the Clan Cameron. He was born in New Zealand, and married, in 1898, Miss Mary Elizabeth Nina Townend, daughter of the late Dr. Joseph Henry Townend, of Christchurch, New Zealand. He came to England shortly after, but travelled a good deal with Lady Seafield. He was an authority on agriculture and afforestation, and was a good landlord. He had been very successful in recruiting in the North for the present war. Failing any

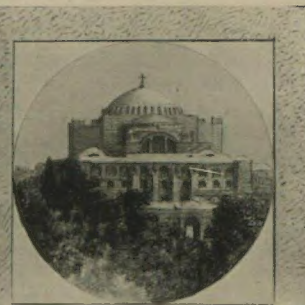
male heir, the Seafield title and estates, being in tail female, will devolve upon Lady Nina Caroline Ogilvie-Grant, who was born in 1906. Capt. Lord Vernon, who was serving in the Derbyshire Yeomanry, was the eighth Baron Vernon, and a member of one of the oldest families in England, being a descendant of Sir Richard Vernon who was Speaker of the Leicester Parliament of 1425. His ancestors Richard de Vernon and Walter de Vernon came over with the Conqueror, who granted them large estates in Cheshire. The late Sir William Vernon Harcourt was, and the Right Hon. Lewis Harcourt is, of the same family. Lord Vernon was a page at the Coronation of King Edward VII. He was unmarried, and is succeeded by his brother, Lieut. the Hon. Francis W. L. Vernon, R.N.



THE BUILDING OF ST. SOPHIA AT THE BIDDING OF THE BYZANTINE EMPEROR, JUSTINIAN: AN ARCHITECT AT WORK



THE SETTING-UP OF THE FAMOUS METROPOLITAN CHURCH OF THE GREEKS AT CONSTANTINOPLE. JUSTINIAN INSPECTING A PLAN SHOWN TO HIM BY THE ARCHITECTS, ANTHEMIUS OF TRalles & ISIDORE OF Miletus.



BEFORE CONSTANTINOPLE WAS TAKEN BY THE TURKS IN 1453, & THE CHURCH BECAME A MOSQUE: ST. SOPHIA.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AERIAL INVADERS.

SOUTH AFRICA is entitled to our sincere commiseration, for the remote possibility of a German invasion is now followed by a very real danger of an invasion by hordes of locusts. So real is the danger that the Government is making expensive, and troublesome, preparations to fight these pests, and this at a time when the condition of the public treasury renders strict economy essential.

These huge, short-horned grasshoppers, commonly known as "locusts," have from time immemorial ranked among the most terrible and dreaded of the scourges of the great continents. No more than a passing reference need be made to the numerous Biblical accounts of their ravages; while Chinese records of famines due to their depredations carry us back more than two thousand years. Most of Europe south of the Baltic has been repeatedly ravaged, and one of these irruptions, in the middle of the eighteenth century, reached the British Isles, penetrating into Scotland on the one hand and Wales on the other. The Midlands, however, suffered most. Parts of Russia during this last summer have suffered severely from this pest, and so also has Argentina.

South Africa is no stranger to these visitations, and some of them have been of exceptional severity. One that will live for ever in the annals of the colony occurred on Dec. 28, 1746, when such vast hosts swarmed into Table Valley that the air seemed filled with them. In a few days not a blade of grass was left, and the trees were stripped bare. As a consequence, cattle and sheep perished of starvation in thousands. The cost to the country was enormous. This much is shown by the fact that the construction of the breakwater which had just begun to be undertaken, at what is now known as Mole Point, had to be suspended for lack of funds to proceed with the work. And to this day it remains unfinished. A hundred years later—in February 1843—a similar visitation on a vast scale took place. Enormous numbers were blown into the sea and afterwards washed up, their bodies lying along the beach nine inches deep, and causing an intolerable stench.

Having regard to these facts, it is not to be wondered at that the authorities view the possibility of a new invasion with anxiety. But the chances of defeating this are greater than was the case years ago, because we now know more of the life-history of these insects than did our forefathers, and can, therefore, the more easily contrive preventive measures. The locusts that harass South Africa are of two distinct species—the Brown, or Khaki, locust (*Locusta pardalina*), and the Red locust, or Egyptian locust (*Cyrtothrips septemfasciata*). The Brown locust is the commoner of these two. It is an inland species, displaying a decided preference for grassy plains

and a marked tendency to exceed its natural bounds in recurring but varying cycles. It is a prolific species, producing two generations annually, under favourable conditions. The swarms emerging from the eggs hatched



A PLAGUE OF LOCUSTS, AND HOW IT IS CHECKED: A METHOD USED IN ALGERIA.

This photograph shows the method employed in Algeria for the destruction of locust-swarms. A cornfield has been raided, and, to stop the invaders, a broad belt of canvas, with a strip of American leather along the top, is stretched across the field. The smooth surface of the leather makes a foothold impossible, so that the insects have to remain clinging to the canvas, when they are periodically shaken off into trenches and buried.



LIKE A LIVING SNOWSTORM: LOCUSTS IN FLIGHT, AT POTCHEFSTROOM, IN SOUTH AFRICA.

immediately after the first soaking rains of the warm season, generally in October, attain their winged stage about two months later, when they leave the district, their destination depending largely on the prevailing wind.

On settling down in a new district they speedily lay eggs to ensure the second generation. Under the most favourable conditions these eggs will hatch in about fourteen days, but moisture is essential for their development—hence prolonged drought checks the undue increase of these constantly recurring swarms. According to tradition, in the absence of sufficient moisture and warmth, eggs may remain in a state of suspended animation for as long as fourteen years. Tests made by the Government expert, Mr. C. P. Lounsbury, showed that at any rate they would hatch after three and a half years, and he is of opinion that this period might be considerably lengthened.

The Red locust is less prolific, producing but one generation annually; and, furthermore, its eggs appear to have a lower viability than those of the Brown species. From this last it further differs in that it is a forest or bush-dwelling species. At irregular intervals vast swarms sweep over a tremendous area, and, spreading over the Union, do enormous damage to crops and to the veldt; thereafter, for a dozen years or so, extensive areas are liable to be devastated every season.

Considerations of space forbid my entering upon any discussion as to the causes of these outbreaks, for something must be said in the matter of remedial measures. The Government expert, who is a man of ripe experience and wide knowledge of this problem, trusts mainly to the natural enemies of these insects, among which birds play a prominent part; but he also holds out hope that good may come of infecting them with a bacterial disease. Cultures of one organism (*Coccobacillus acridorum*), prepared for this purpose, are now obtainable at the Pasteur Institute in Paris.

Locusts of another kind have been causing trouble in New Mexico. The species here concerned is known as the Long-winged Grasshopper (*Dissosteira longipennis*). Apparently it has a host of enemies. Birds, lizards, and toads devour large numbers, but more are accounted for by parasitic insects, of which the most formidable is a fly (*Sarcophaga kellyi*) which preys both on the adult and immature stages. By these alone whole droves are destroyed.

Nevertheless, artificial means have to be resorted to, and of these the most efficacious is said to be found in a mixture of Paris green, bran, and molasses, flavoured with the pulp of oranges and lemons. But one would imagine that the sowing of poison broadcast must have serious results on other animals, and thus, presently, may defeat its own end.

W. P. PYCHART.

"WOUNDED FIRST!" THE HEROIC NURSES OF THE "ANGLIA."

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR.



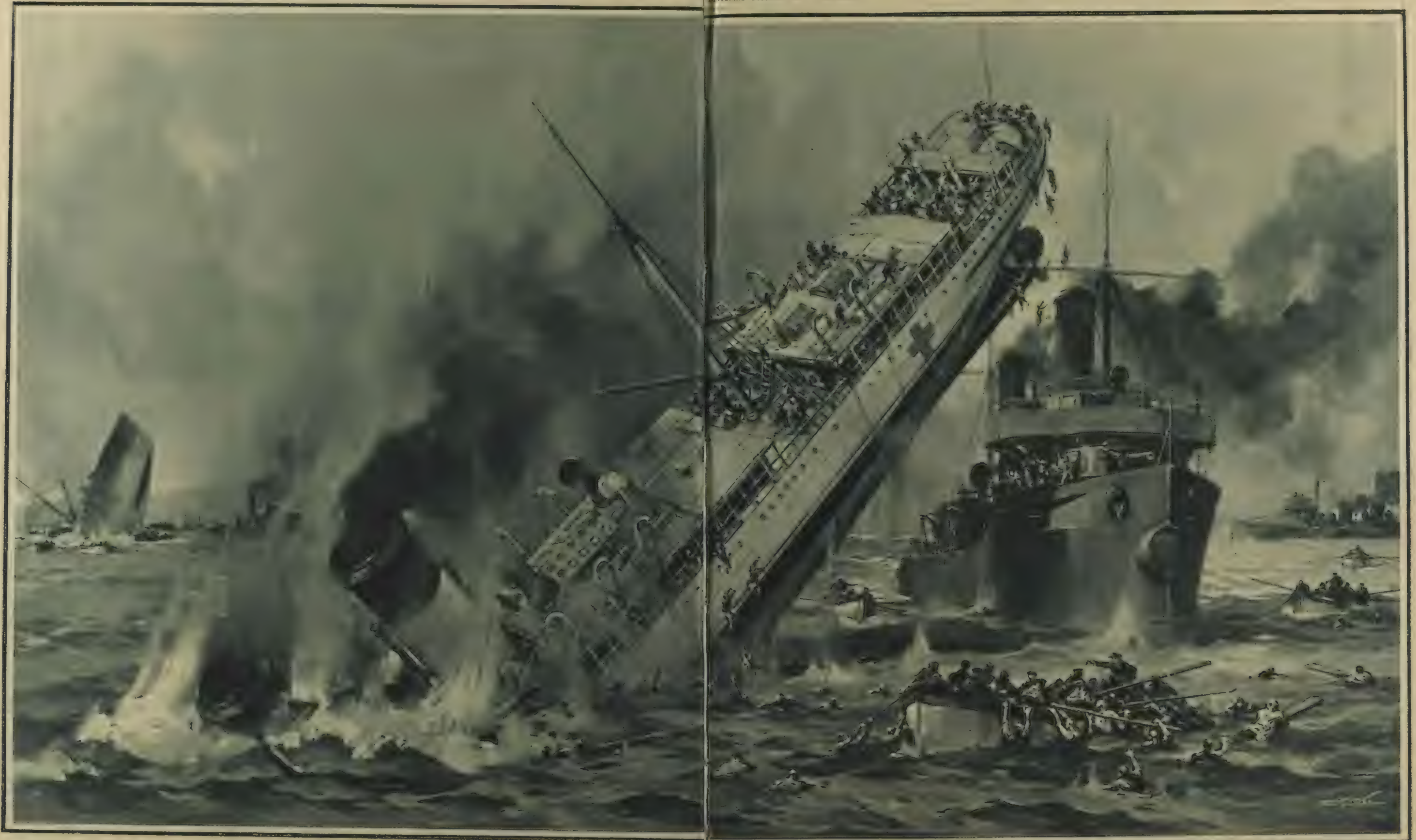
AFTER THE HOSPITAL-SHIP HAD BEEN MINED: NURSES PUTTING LIFE-BELTS ON THE WOUNDED AFTER REFUSING TO TAKE TO THE BOATS.

The survivors of the British hospital-ship "Anglia," which was sunk by a mine in the Channel on November 17, are unanimous and unrestrained in their admiration of the heroic work of the nurses on board as the vessel was sinking. "They were splendid," was the outspoken tribute of admiration that one of the survivors paid. "They set to work," the soldier proceeded, "to attend to the wounded, helping them into life-belts,

assisting to bring men up from below, declining to listen to all appeals to take places in the boats, standing by the ship to the very end, when they jumped into the water, taking their chance with the rest of us." Said another soldier: "They all stuck to the wounded to the last. They were all very brave ladies, and they did their very best."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE SINKING OF THE HOSPITAL-SHIP THAT BROUGHT HOME THE KING: LAST MOMENTS OF THE "ANGLIA."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY A SURVIVOR.



WITH A RESCUING PATROL-VESSEL PASSING UNDER HER STERN, AS IT WAS LIFTED HIGH OUT OF THE WATER: THE "ANGLIA." MINED IN THE CHANNEL. GOING DOWN WITH A LOSS OF 85 LIVES—THE COLLIER "LUSITANIA" SINKING NEAR, WHILE HER

The loss of the "Anglia" was announced in the following official statement on November 17: "The War Office reports that the hospital-ship 'Anglia' struck a mine in the Channel to-day and sank. The total number on board was 13 officers and 372 other ranks, of whom about 300 were saved by a patrol-vessel. Another ship proceeding to the rescue was also sunk by another mine." This other ship was a collier, the "Lusitania," of London (1834 tons), whose crew were out in their boats picking up survivors from the "Anglia" when they saw their own vessel struck. The "Lusitania" is seen going down in the left of the drawing. The "Anglia" was on her way from France to England when the disaster occurred. She sank by the head, and her stern, with the propeller still racing round, was lifted so high out of the water that the patrol-vessel engaged in the work of rescue actually passed beneath it, thus

enabling some forty men to drop on to her decks. It will be recalled that the King returned from France on board the "Anglia" after his accident at the front. On the news reaching him the following telegram was sent to the First Lord of the Admiralty: "The King is shocked to hear that the Hospital-Ship 'Anglia,' which so recently conveyed his Majesty across the Channel, has been sunk by a mine. His Majesty is grieved at the loss incurred, and trusts that the survivors have not unduly suffered from the terrible exposure to which they must have been subjected. Please express the King's heartfelt sympathy with the families of those who have perished." We may add that on another page of this Number we give a drawing to illustrate the heroism of the nurses attending the wounded on board the "Anglia."—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

OF THE WATER: THE "ANGLIA." MINED IN THE CHANNEL. GOING DOWN WITH A LOSS OF 85 LIVES—THE COLLIER "LUSITANIA" SINKING NEAR, WHILE HER

CHIVALROUS STATESMANSHIP "NODS, & BECKS, & WREATHED SMILES."

BY DR. E. J. DILLON.

ONE of the most untoward drawbacks of Entente diplomacy has been and still is its scant acquaintanceship with the men and the peoples with whom it has to deal. It lacks a standard by which to sift their words and a plummet by which to gauge their intentions. The arguments by which it hoped to overcome their hesitations and the bids meant to tempt their patriotism or ambition deterred in lieu of stimulating or attracting. Negotiations carried on and transactions concluded by statesmen thus bereft of psychological compass and chart are like bargains struck up over the telephone by two individuals who have no trustworthy knowledge either of each other or of the wares for which they are haggling. Thus bereft of psychological compass and chart, the Allied statesmen took leaps in the dark and led their peoples they knew not whither. When dealing with Balkan politicians they resembled blind men threading a labyrinth. Nor must they affect surprise if the object bought by them and partly paid for is never delivered.

Nowhere could private business be conducted on those lines. Yet in all countries of the Entente the most momentous interests known to history have been dealt with by their professional furtherers in that way. That, however, is but a link in what seems a chain forged by Fate for a purpose not yet realised. It is no over-statement to say that some of the most influential public men of the Entente hugged grotesque ideas about the factors which would in their judgment ruin the German Empire. One would be glad to say—were that possible—that they did not rest their policy on them. Some of these notions, tenaciously clung to and warmly defended, whirl one's thoughts back to the days of theocracy when the walls of Jericho collapsed miraculously.

The "idealism of humanity," a splendid ethical conception, was the thought underlying the policy of the Allies in the Balkans. Those wayward little States were to be brought together and fused by the fire of brotherly love into one powerful organism. Count Berchtold, the Austrian Foreign Secretary, had rendered a fine service to his country by breaking up the Balkan League, and the Entente Powers fancied that they could not deserve better of those peoples, nor do themselves a more helpful turn, than by re-establishing the coalition, augmenting the number of its members, and imparting to it a richer vitality.

The aim was praiseworthy. The means of securing it were excellent in themselves and might have proved efficacious if the Balkan peoples had been cast in the Anglo-Saxon mould. But they were environed by forces which deadened the well-meant action of our statesmen. For example, love of country was the sentiment to which our appeals were mostly addressed; whereas, in reality, with those nations hatred of each other outstripped it far in intensity. It is hardly too much to say that the patriotism of most Balkan peoples and the ambition of their principal leaders had fallen into, and become absorbed by, the headstrong current of hate, of which we took too little heed.

Asked at the time (November and December 1914) how the undertaking looked to me, I answered: "The Balkan peoples are a Europe in miniature, with this difference—that it is not only one of them that is striving to establish a hegemony: each of them is seeking to compass that end. But Greece and Serbia might with tact and skill and push be half coaxed and half over-awed into giving the Allies active help." Thereupon I was told not to worry about Greece, as her attitude towards us was marked by receptiveness. Serbia, too, had overmastered her "sacred" or unholy egotism, and would be guided by Russia. Bulgaria was the country that required most thought and inspired most anxiety. I then ventured to say: "Bulgaria is the Prussia of South-Eastern Europe, the most dangerous element of international life on our Continent after Germany. Her egotism is insuperable, her ambition boundless, her union is compact, her military organisation exemplary, and her contempt of human and divine law and of the promptings of humanity is unmatched in Europe or beyond." I then stated that to my knowledge Ferdinand of Coburg had contracted binding obligations towards the Central Empires. "They are worth as much as a scrap of paper," was the reply. And Entente statesmanship set out on its task.

Negotiating at one and the same time with Bulgaria, Greece, and Serbia, it made no headway. On the contrary, it unwittingly fanned the hatred that animated the first against the two last-named States. And the offer to Greece of large strips of territory out of all proportion to the services demanded, besides inflaming Bulgaria, gave umbrage to one of the Great Powers.

It has been urged that the failure of the Allies' Balkan scheme was due to the backsliding of Greece, in whose

readiness to meet her treaty obligations our statesmen had reason to hope down to the last minute. But the plea will not bear analysis. Is it reasonable to stake issues of such magnitude as never was before upon a mere hope, even though it were a good one? Was it not a peremptory duty to prepare for the alternative to the fulfilment of that hope?

But the hope was hollow. Such were the prevailing ascertainable conditions that to have entertained it was ingenuous, and to have rested a policy and staked high interests on it was—unwise.

In sober truth, the grounds for assuming that Greece's sense of duty and honour would outweigh her dread of danger were amazingly slender. When seeking to sway a foreign country, the first point a statesman has to clear up to his own satisfaction is, Who is the nation? Who can say with truth, for instance, "Bulgaria? I am Bulgaria." "Greece? I am Greece?"

There is no evidence that the Allies, if they formulated and solved those questions aright, drew the practical consequences from the answers. Bulgaria is neither the people nor the Sobranie, nor even the Cabinet, but Ferdinand of Coburg. Hence, in order to win over the nation one must act upon him. And the motives to which he is susceptible,

Ever since then this dualism in secondary matters has been alternating with absolute autocracy in important affairs. Last March, for instance, there was a total eclipse of Venezuela's orb, and even the average man could see for himself that Greece's real head was a Field-Marshal of the German Army and the Kaiser's brother-in-law and worshipper.

The Cretan statesman had undertaken, with the King's knowledge and assent, that Greece would intervene on the side of the Allies against Turkey. Only against Turkey. It was to be a little campaign on the principle of the war-tight compartment. But the Kaiser would not brook the idea. War against Turkey would be war against Germany, he said. King Constantine thereupon drew back, and arranged a council at which Venezuela's policy was voted down. He went further, and denied that that Minister had ever had his permission to pursue it. Venezuela was turned out of office, and the new Cabinet worked hand in hand with the Kaiser's agent, Baron Schenk, to hinder the return of Venezuela's partisans at the new elections. So shameless were these intrigues that the military authorities in Athens issued instructions to the Italian Major Gandini, who was then in Crete, to take certain illegal steps for the purpose of defeating Venezuela. Major Gandini, however, properly refused. As a foreigner delegated by his Government to reorganise the Corps of Gendarmes, he gave a wide berth to the bilge-water of Greek politics in which the King's military favourites took their pleasure.

Despite those and other acts which are blamed as unconstitutional, Venezuela's party went back to the Chamber triumphant. But the Kaiser's brother-in-law remained unmoved. "Greece," he virtually said, "shall remain neutral, whether it will or not. The Government may have pledged its word to march against Turkey. I, the King, veto its resolve, and dispense it from keeping faith. In vain the Parliament upholds the Premier; in vain the nation seconds the Parliament. I dissolve the first Chamber. I will dissolve the second, and as many more as may follow their example."

That struggle between the King and his official adviser, coupled with its rapid up-shot, ought to have opened the eyes of the Allies to the real state of things in Greece, and shown them the folly of hoping that Constantine would discharge duties which he was risking his crown to evade. Yet they hoped on to the last moment, and refrained from doing what was possible to shake his resolve. What he could have said in defence of his conduct was this: "If I am the husband of a Prussian Princess, the brother-in-law of the Kaiser, and a Field-Marshal of the German Army, I none the less possess the right to have my motives left out of the discussion. My duty is to provoke neither belligerent, so as to stand well with both when the struggle is over. But if the urge of events make this impossible, then I must throw in the nation's lot with the winning side. I may be mistaken—every man is fallible—but I honestly believe that the Allies will be defeated. And, judging by their delays, scruples, blunders, diplomatic and military, I am afraid they have overtaken defeat. Therefore I forbid an act which I rank as national suicide. And I will go beyond my constitutional powers, if needs be, to hinder it. If I err, it is in good company. The Turks have the same conviction. So, too, have the Bulgars, the Roumanians, a large section of my people, and also of the Italians. Change that if you can, and you will have your way in South-Eastern Europe. Prove by military successes that the balance of force and the favour of fortune have turned! or are turning towards your side, and we shall all be converted."

But as we could not descend to the infamies which enter for so much into the methods of the German Press organisation, we did nothing. This self-containment stands to the Allies' credit. Their 'scutcheon is without a blot. Extinction rather than dishonour, was their device. No such idealism has been witnessed since the Comte de Chambord sacrificed a throne rather than change the colours of a flag.

But there was one thing which at the very least we should have done—doubted. The only mind in which King Constantine's behaviour would have failed to generate a doubt is that of a Simple Simon. And, in doubt, the duty of the Entente Governments was to make ready for the alternative emergency which was to be apprehended if their hope were disappointed. How did they actually behave? They still went on hoping and doing without military preparations; hoping that the King would eat his own words, go back on his own deliberate acts, implicitly condemn his own policy! But it is fair to say that they were, in their own judgment, prepared for Bulgaria's defection—they were still hoping that they had Greece with them. For she, too, was about to mobilise.



IN GERMAN UNIFORM: THE QUEEN OF THE HELLENES.

Sophia, Queen of the Hellenes, and sister of the German Emperor, is Chief of the 3rd Prussian "Queen Elizabeth" Grenadier Guards. Her marriage took place in Athens in October 1889.



IN GERMAN UNIFORM: THE KING OF THE HELLENES.

Constantine I., King of the Hellenes, Prince of Denmark, is Field-Marshal-General and Chief of the 88th (2nd Nassau) Infantry Regiment of the Prussian Army; and à la suite of the 2nd Prussian Foot Guards.

general and personal, were even then as plain as the main features of his face. One of them was the rooted conviction that the fortune of war was leaning to the German side, and would help the Central Empires to a complete and lasting triumph. Now, that conviction was no arbitrary assumption. Our enemies supplied him with specious grounds for it. We, on the other hand, scorned to adopt the means of demolishing these grounds to his satisfaction. They established a Press organisation which scattered a mischievous mixture of true and false news far and wide, and they paid Press organs of each country to co-operate with them. We placed our faith in the irresistible force inherent in truth, justice, liberty, and the other abstract nouns that stand for political ideals, and scouted the notion of paying foreign newspapers for being patriotic.

If Bulgaria, like Roumania, was embodied in a single individual, Greece, on the other hand, was personified by two. At the Bucharest Peace Conference the two had wrestled for the mastery, and Constantine worsted Venezuela. The statesman, when laying the foundations of peace in the Roumanian capital, aimed at making them solid and durable, and was minded to pay the requisite sacrifice. But the Sovereign insisted that the most lucrative bargain should be driven, because the future would take care of itself. Thereupon King and Minister joined issue, and the former had his way.

During the contest a harsh telegram from the monarch would have necessitated the Premier's resignation had its effect not been counterbalanced by a propitiating message sent a few days later. But Kavala was not ceded to Bulgaria.

THE DARDANELLES OPERATIONS : A SPECIAL 8-PAGE SUPPLEMENT.



WITH TURKS PASSING ALONG IT TO REACH THE FIRING-LINE: AN ENEMY COMMUNICATION-TRENCH ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA.



IN A SAND-BAGGED GULLY NEAR ACHI BABA: A DANGER-SPOT CLOSE TO THE GREATEST BATTLEFIELD OF MODERN TIMES.

These photographs, the others in this Supplement, and the remarkable water-colour paintings by Mr. Norman Wilkinson, who has been serving at the Dardanelles with the Navy, are of more than usual interest having regard to Lord Kitchener's Near East mission, and the reported new offensive move by the Allies. The upper photograph gives a very remarkable bird's-eye view of a Turkish communication-trench, scientifically

made under German guidance to take advantage of the lie of the ground, with Turks marching along it, apparently quite at ease, on their way to the firing-trenches. In the lower photograph is seen a notoriously dangerous gully near Achi Baba, the passage of which is specially perilous in spite of massively built barricades. A double-page panorama of the Achi Baba battlefield appears elsewhere in this issue.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Dardanelles Operations in Colour: Paintings by an Eye-Witness.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.L., ON EXHIBITION, WITH MANY OTHERS, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 145, NEW BOND STREET, W.



MONITORS BOMBARDING TURKISH POSITIONS ON THE ASIATIC SHORE OF THE DARDANELLES: 14-INCH SHELLS BURSTING NEAR THE VILLAGE OF YENI SHEI (SEEN ON THE LEFT OF THE PICTURE).



A WAR-SHIP'S GUNS ELEVATED FOR FIRING ON TURKISH GUN-EMPLACEMENTS NEAR ACHI BABA.



LAND AND SEA OPERATIONS AT THE DARDANELLES: TURKISH SHELLS FALLING ON THE BASE CAMP AT HELLES, AND AMONG THE TRAWLERS CONVEYING STORES, ETC., ON JULY 29.



THE SUVLA BAY POSITION: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE CENTRE—SHOWING ON THE LEFT LALA BABA; BEHIND THIS THE SALT LAKE; TO THE RIGHT, CHOCOLATE HILL; AND BEYOND, IN THE DISTANCE, THE VILLAGE OF ANAFARTA; IN THE FOREGROUND, A DRESSING-STATION ON "C" BEACH.

In the top drawing on this page may be seen two monitors—ships of a type that has attained new importance in the present war—shelling the Asiatic coast of the Dardanelles at Yeni Shei. They are the two nearer ships in the picture, one in the centre, the other on the right. Monitors have been found very useful at the Dardanelles, as well as off the Belgian coast and elsewhere. In an account of the Suvla Bay and "Anzac" fighting based on descriptions by wounded officers, a Reuter correspondent writes: "A whole battalion of Turks had no sooner commenced to advance than the guns of the British monitors found the range and hardly a man escaped from the deadly shelling. Men

out at sea state that they could see the shells from our war-ships falling right along the ridges of the Turkish position as our men advanced. The firing was very accurate, and the losses of the Turks must have been enormous." Apropos of the dressing-station seen in the drawing at the foot of the page, it may be noted that the same writer above quoted says: "All the wounded speak very well of the Turks. They take the greatest care to avoid hitting our dressing-stations or hospitals, and there have been further instances of Turks dressing our wounded men and carrying them into our lines."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Dardanelles Operations in Colour: Paintings by an Eye-Witness.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I., ON EXHIBITION, WITH MANY OTHERS, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 148, NEW BOND STREET, W.



A BRITISH CRUISER PROMINENT IN THE NAVAL OPERATIONS AT THE DARDANELLES: H.M.S. "TALBOT" SHELLING RIDGES OCCUPIED BY THE TURKS AT DUSK ON THE DAY AFTER THE LANDING AT SUVLA BAY (AUGUST 4)—A LYDDITE SHELL BURSTING ON THE LEFT



DURING A NAVAL BOMBARDMENT OF ACHI BABA A FEW DAYS BEFORE THE LANDING AT SUVLA BAY: 12-INCH SHELLS FROM THE FRENCH FLAG-SHIP "SUFFREN" (CONTRE-AMIRAL GUEPRATTE) BURSTING ON THE WESTERN SLOPES, ON JULY 31—DRAWN WITH THE AID OF FIELD-GLASSES.

In his account of the landing at Suva Bay, in the early hours of August 7, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett wrote: "For three weeks this [preparation work] has been going on incessantly. . . . On August 6 the final preparations were at length complete, and the main movement was preceded by a general bombardment of the Turkish trenches round Achi Baba, and in the afternoon a division made a successful attack. . . . This movement was, however, really in the nature of a feint to hold the enemy round the mountain. . . . Up to the evening of August 8 the advance of the divisions landed in Anafarta (Suva) Bay was entirely successful. . . . We had thus secured a wide front on shore on the far side

of the Salt Lake, but on the other hand, the enemy's position, the Anafarta Ridge, on which is situated the village of that name, remained unoccupied and as yet untouched by our advance." Before assisting the troops on this occasion, H.M.S. "Talbot" had done good work elsewhere. For example, in a report from Sir Ian Hamilton describing a previous attack, on the Saghir Dera, on June 28, it was stated: "The very accurate fire of his Majesty's ships 'Talbot,' 'Scorpion,' and 'Wolverine' succeeded in keeping down the enemy's artillery fire." Of that occasion Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett wrote: "The cruiser 'Talbot' . . . enfiladed the enemy's trenches."—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada]

THE GREATEST OF MODERN BATTLEFIELDS: ACHI BABA, A "NATURAL BASTION" DEFENDING THE ROAD TO CONSTANTINOPLE.



WHERE THE BRITISH AND FRENCH TROOPS MADE MANY HEROIC ATTACKS: THE COUNTRY BEFORE ACHI BABA, THE FAMOUS HILL HELD BY THE TURKS IN GALLIPOLI.

For some weeks past all eyes have been turned to the Near East, watching the struggle in Serbia, and the trend of affairs at the Dardanelles since Lord Kitchener went out to see the situation for himself. Whatever may take place on the Gallipoli Peninsula in the future, it has already seen many bloodstained pages of history written on its soil. The country before Achi Baba has been the scene of many desperate conflicts since the British and French troops landed last April, and the efforts made to capture the hill entitle this region to be regarded as one of the greatest battlefields of modern times. A summary of the principal attacks on the Turkish positions was given by Mr. Ashmead-Barrett in his recent lecture. Criticising the operations, he considered that after the failure of the final attack on Achi Baba on May 8, the whole expedition should have been seriously reconsidered, and the later attacks on Achi Baba should never have been made. There were advances, he said, on June 4, June 28,

July 12 and 13, and then, after we had lost from 30,000 to 40,000 men there, the attacks were suddenly abandoned altogether. He likewise pointed out that, even if Achi Baba had been taken, the troops would have been faced by an even stronger position behind it at Kilit Bahr. A comparison of this criticism with Mr. Churchill's recent speech indicates the diversity of opinion that exists regarding the Dardanelles campaign. On the extreme left in the background of the drawing is a glimpse of the Gulf of Saros, and on the extreme right the faint outline of the hills across the Dardanelles on the Asiatic shore. Achi Baba itself is the hill in the centre background, and a little to the left and below it may be discerned the roofs of Krithia. About half-way between this village and the shore of the Gulf of Saros is a point nicknamed by the British troops Clapham Junction; while a little to the right of Achi Baba is a road nicknamed Regent Street.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

The Dardanelles Operations in Colour: Landing-Places at Suvla Bay and "Anzac," in the Gallipoli Peninsula—by an Eye-Witness.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURES BY NORMAN WILKINSON, R.I., ON EXHIBITION IN MANY OTHERS, AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S, 18, NEW BOND STREET, W.



ONE OF THE LANDING-PLACES IN SUVLA BAY: "C" BEACH AND LALA BABA, SHOWING HIGH-EXPLOSIVE SHELLS BURSTING AMONG THE STORES—THE ANAFARTA RIDGE IN THE BACKGROUND.



WHERE THE AUSTRALIANS AND NEW ZEALANDERS EFFECTED THEIR HISTORIC LANDING ON APRIL 25: "ANZAC"—A VIEW FROM THE SEA LOOKING FROM THE SOUTHWARD, SHOWING THE FORMIDABLE CLIFFS WHICH THE TROOPS SCALED.



SHOWING CHOCOLATE HILL (ON THE LEFT) AND THE SARI BAIR RANGE IN THE DISTANCE: THE SALT LAKE—HARD, DRY SAND IN SUMMER—OVER WHICH THE TROOPS ADVANCED AFTER LANDING IN SUVLA BAY.



"ANZAC" FROM THE SEA: ANOTHER VIEW LOOKING DIRECTLY INTO THE GULLY SHOWN ON THE LEFT IN THE UPPER PICTURE (IMMEDIATELY OVER THIS ONE) WITH TURKISH SHELLS FALLING AMONG TRAWLERS LYING OFF THE LANDING-PLACE—ON THE LEFT, A HOSPITAL-SHIP.

Practically none of the beaches where troops landed in Gallipoli have been free from Turkish shell-fire, which has also reached the shipping lying off shore. It should be mentioned, however, that the Turks have respected hospital-ships, as well as dressing-stations on land. Describing the landing at Suvla Bay, Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett writes: "The two arms of the bay are connected by a narrow sandy causeway, behind which is the strange inland Salt Lake, a morass in winter, but partly dried up in summer, although liable to become impassable after rain. . . . It was a pitch-black night, and about 2 a.m. (on August 7) the first of the lighters put in towards the shore. Three beaches had been selected—'A' Beach on the north shore of the bay, and 'B' and 'C' beaches on the southern spit. . . . The — Division began to disembark at 'B' and 'C' landings on the southern spit. In their immediate front was a small hill known as Lala Baba, which the enemy held. There was a short, sharp fight before it was rushed at the point of the bayonet. . . . During the night of August 8-9, our left rested on the cliffs overlooking the Gulf of Saros, our centre in the low ground in front

of Anafarta, and our right on Vilghin Burnu, or Chocolate Hill, as it is now known on account of the surface having been burnt that colour by accidental fires caused by bursting shells." Chocolate Hill is seen on the left in the lower left-hand painting, on the further edge of the Salt Lake, with higher hills beyond. The formidable nature of the cliffs scaled by the Australians and New Zealanders near Gaba Tepe was described by Sir Ian Hamilton in one of his despatches. "A rugged and difficult part of the coast," he writes, "had been selected for the landing. . . . The beach on which the landing was actually effected is a very narrow strip of sand, about 1000 yards in length, bounded on the north and the south by two small promontories. At its southern extremity a deep ravine, with exceedingly steep, scrub-clad sides, runs inland in a north-easterly direction. Near the northern end of the beach a small, but steep, gully runs up into the hills at right angles to the shore." We may add that a book containing colour reproductions of Mr. Norman Wilkinson's pictures of the Dardanelles is to be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.—[Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

IN AND FROM GALLIPOLI: AIRCRAFT AND GUNS: "ANZAC" V.C.'S.

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE V.C.'S BY TOPICAL



DOING THE ALLIES A FRIENDLY TURN: GREEK REFUGEES HELPING TO UNLOAD A BRITISH AEROPLANE.



ON THE SHORES OF GALLIPOLI: SHIFTING THE NAVAL TRAVELLING WORKSHOP.



"ANZAC" V.C.'S HONOURED IN LONDON: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) LIEUT. W. J. SYMONS, CAPT. F. H. TUBB, LIEUT. H. V. H. THROSSELL, AND PRIVATE J. HAMILTON.



IN GALLIPOLI: AN AEROPLANE-CASE BEING USED AS A WIRELESS STATION.



IN ACTION ON THE GALLIPOLI PENINSULA: A BRITISH ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN.



USED AGAINST TURKISH AND GERMAN AIRCRAFT IN GALLIPOLI: AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN FIRED BY ELECTRICITY.

Aircraft have played an important part in the Gallipoli campaign, and, as in the West, the British pilots have shown exceptional daring. Against the enemy's machines the anti-aircraft gunners have also done good service. The group of "Anzac" V.C.'s shown in the middle photograph on the left of this page was taken at a reception, followed by a concert, given in their honour on the 20th, at the new "Anzac" Club in Horseferry Road, Westminster, by the Australian Natives' Association. Two other "Anzac" V.C.'s could not attend, being still in hospital: another, the late Capt. A. J. Shout, lies buried

in Gallipoli. The four present—Captain Tubb, Lieuts. Symons and Throssell, and Private Hamilton, received a great ovation. Sir George Reid, High Commissioner for Australia, saluted them in the name of the Commonwealth. "Your deeds," he said, "have ennobled your kith and kin for evermore. You have established in glorious characters your proud relationship with the noblest of the fighting champions of our race on land or sea in bygone years." The High Commissioner for South Africa, the Hon. W. P. Schreiner, also addressed them. The V.C.'s each briefly returned thanks.

THE MINE WAR IN THE TRENCHES: EXPLOSION AND CRATER.



THE ERUPTION OF A MAN-MADE VOLCANO: THE EXPLOSION OF A MINE UNDER AN ENEMY TRENCH.



FORMED BY THE BLOWING-UP OF A MINE: THE VOLCANO-LIKE CRATER CAUSED BY THE EXPLOSIVE ERUPTION—A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

Unexpected as are many of the attacks which take place at the front by day and by night, nothing is better calculated to surprise than the explosion of a mine beneath a trench. In spite of listening-posts in galleries of counter-mines and above ground, nothing may be heard, and no warning given, before the hidden death bursts up beneath the feet. At times, indeed, the soldier in the trenches lives on the crust of a volcano, to use a

well-known phrase. We see in the upper illustration the blowing-up of a mine under an enemy trench as it is seen from the side of those who laid the mine and have been waiting to seize the opportunity to rush forward and occupy the crater. A crater formed by such a mine-explosion is shown in the lower illustration. The aptness of the word "crater" to describe it is very evident.

SOLDIERS AND NURSES: THE IMPERIAL FAMILY OF RUSSIA ON DUTY.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 AND 2 BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, NO. 3 BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD.



AT A FIELD SERVICE AFTER HE TOOK SUPREME COMMAND OF HIS SOLDIERS IN THE FIELD: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, WITH THE TSAREVITCH.



IN COSSACK UNIFORM: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE IN WAR AS WELL AS IN PEACE, AND HIS SON AND HEIR, THE TSAREVITCH.



THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ASSISTING AT AN OPERATION UPON A WOUNDED SOLDIER: HER MAJESTY AND THE GRAND-DUCHESSSES TATIANA AND OLGA, HER DAUGHTERS, ON HOSPITAL DUTY.

The Emperor of Russia and his people were never more at one than in the prosecution of the war, and the loyalty of the nation has been manifested even more emphatically than ever since his Imperial Majesty has taken supreme command of his gallant Army and of his Navy. The eleven-year-old Heir to the Russian Throne is now in excellent health and has been visiting the wounded at Klevan Railway Station, within the range of artillery fire, for which General Ivanoff telegraphed to the Emperor requesting authorisation to bestow upon his Imperial Highness the medal of St. George. The Emperor

himself has been in the trenches, within range of the enemy's big guns, and has closely studied the conditions of trench life; and the Empress and her daughters are assiduous in their care of the wounded. In our photograph, her Imperial Majesty stands at the head of the bed, immediately behind the patient. At the extreme left is seen the Grand-Duchess Tatiana, their Imperial Majesties' second daughter, who was born in 1897; and next but one to her (at the back), is the Grand-Duchess Olga, born in 1895, the eldest of their Majesties' four daughters.



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"THE CALIPHS' LAST HERITAGE."

WHEN the present war broke out, few people thought that within a little more than a year its centre of gravity would be shifted from Belgium and Poland to the Near East, and yet the students of contemporary history must have felt that the Balkan War, so pregnant with changes for the races striving for ascendancy in the Balkan Peninsula, must inevitably lead to a European conflagration. Lieut.-Colonel Sir Mark Sykes, at once a soldier and a politician, in his short history of the Turkish Empire just published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co. under the title of "The Caliphs' Last Heritage," shows us how important a part in history the land of the Ottoman Empire has played. "It has been the birthplace of civilisation, has given the world the Gospel and the Koran, has seen the rise and decline of four Empires and scores of principalities and dynasties," he tells us. Moreover, as he

truly says, "it has been the battle-ground of all the philosophies and creeds which form the basis of those now occupying Western minds, as well as the highway of all conquerors from Xerxes to Napoleon." To understand the composition and problems of the Ottoman Empire in Asia an impartial and general study of its past history is necessary, and that history, in the opinion of Sir Mark, has yet to be written. He thinks that the absence of such a history is responsible for many of the misconceptions which exist in the minds of those Europeans who control the diverse and conflicting policies which entangle themselves round Constantinople. The gallant author is too modest to claim for his book that it fills the void of which he complains, but his readers will find in it an excellent and condensed review of the fortunes of the interesting and fateful region of Asia Minor. Beginning with a geographical description of the country worthy of Taine, Sir Mark gives us in some three hundred pages a masterly bird's-eye view of the ancient history of the country, the appearance of Mohammed, and the growth of the Ottoman Empire. The story is fascinating, and is told in popular language free from scholarly affectation, though every page teems with knowledge and research. The second part of the book is devoted to a record of the author's own travels in the country, and paints the present conditions in vivid colours. In a very interesting appendix the Kurdish tribes of the Ottoman Empire are fully enumerated and described. The value of the book is enhanced by a multiplicity of maps and several excellent photographs. At this particular moment the appearance of this valuable contribution to our knowledge of the history of Turkey is especially welcome, and in years to come it is certain to take its place as a standard and monumental work. In the preface Lady Sykes tells us her husband is absent on active service, owing to which there has been some difficulty in bringing out the book. She deserves the congratulations of the public for having surmounted this obstacle.

For those who wish their Christmas tokens of greeting to



ETON BOYS AS WAR-WORKERS AT DIDCOT: H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY PASSING ALONG A STRING OF LOADED TRUCKS.

The work at the great new Army Stores Depot at Didcot Junction is enormous, and valuable aid is being given by volunteers from Oxford and Eton. Among the seven hundred boys from Eton who were working there last week was Prince Henry, the third son of the King.

Photograph by C.N.



ETON BOYS AS WAR-WORKERS AT DIDCOT: H.R.H. PRINCE HENRY PUTS HIS BACK INTO IT.

When learned professors and Oxford dons are content to paint buckets and do the work of labourers, it is not surprising that undergraduates and Eton boys have thrown themselves with energy into the patriotic effort of helping forward the constant and increasing work at the Army Stores Depot established in the meadows surrounding Didcot Junction. The young Prince was one of the most energetic of the seven hundred Eton boys who did their "bit" at Didcot the other day.—[Photograph by C.N.]

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"FINLAND AND THE FINNS."

AMONG the many books now being published about countries and their peoples, none ought to be given a wider welcome here than Mr. Arthur Reade's "Finland and the Finns" (Methuen). In the first place, the excellent manner in which it is done commends it. Mr. Reade is Lecturer in English at the University of Helsingfors, in which city he has made his home. He writes accordingly, as one having knowledge, and a great deal more of it than appears in his pages. The reader feels that he has not been forced to cram into them everything that he had picked up, or could pick up, for their purpose, but that he has been able to select from deep stores. His selection, too, displays judgment. We cannot but be thankful that, without curbing a facile and chatty pen, he has avoided the trivial details too often encouraged in volumes of this kind, and presents in all their variety the larger and more serious aspects of his subject. And, in the second place, that subject has a very special interest for us. Before the war we were just beginning to discover Finland. Holiday-makers in it, not a numerous but an increasing band, came back loud in its praise. Their enthusiasm, however, exceeded their knowledge. It was based less on the great deal they had seen than on the little they had expected to see. Surprise at the modernity of Helsingfors inspired a considerable part of it. Possibly—it was so with the present writer—the liveliest impression of the returning traveller was of the open-air market beside the quays of that city, a

delightful and old-world thing which we regret to hear from Mr. Reade is likely soon to disappear. Acquaintance with the countryside was generally limited to peeps, taken almost always in the south and round the coast. And then it is Finland in summer only that most English tourists have seen, "a revel of beauty," as Mr. Reade says, but only half of the picture, and probably the less characteristic. There was need, therefore, and ought to be a demand for a work

relations with Sweden and Russia, the two determining factors of her past. And there is an intelligent survey of her present, as she faces the West, not the East, with the national spirit strong in her at the same time as she is tackling the problems that beset all progressive peoples.

No doubt the war will do much to stimulate the study of each other's literatures among the Allied peoples, and this will be especially the case with Britain and France, whose Armies have been so closely associated in more than one theatre of operations. Evidence of such a literary *entente* has been visible, long before the war, in Messrs. Nelson's excellent series of cheap French reprints, known as the Collection Nelson. The latest additions to the series include both fiction, biography, and poetry. To take the last first, we have "Poésies," by Alfred de Vigny; and "La Comtesse Pauline de Beaumont," a memoir by A. Bardoux, which throws much interesting light on French Society just after the Revolution. Among the novels are Daudet's "Numa Roumestan," Alfred de Vigny's "Stello," Paul Adam's "Stéphanie," and Octave Feuillet's "Un Mariage dans le Monde." Not the least interesting is a French translation, by Jeanne Véron, of Mr. Erskine Childers' well-known story, "The Riddle of the Sands," which eleven years before the war dealt with the subject of a German scheme for an invasion of England. The Kaiser figures among the characters. "L'Enigme des Sables," will attract many readers on both sides of the Channel, both as a capital story, and as a means of learning each other's language.



ON DUTY EVERY NIGHT AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL: THE AMBULANCE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF LONDON NATIONAL GUARD VOLUNTEERS.

Platoons of the National Guard, instructed by the Ambulance, practice rescue drill at St. Bartholomew's Hospital every night, in case of fire caused by air-bombs, so as to be able to carry the patients, who include many wounded soldiers, into safety. The scheme was originated by the Principal Medical Officer of the Corps, Dr. Reginald Poulter. Seated (left to right) are: Sergeant-Major Henry Cooper, Surgeon-Captain Percy Pope (Commanding Officer), and Quartermaster-Sergeant J. H. McNeill. Dr. Pope has conducted the first aid and stretcher work from the commencement. At the wheel of the ambulance-wagon is Commander E. D. Lowy, who presented it. In the group are several prominent Freemasons, who took part in the recent consecration of the City of London National Guard Lodge.—(Photo. by Miles and Kaye.)

that gives fullness and substance to these somewhat vague impressions, and this Mr. Reade's does in a popular way. There is history in it—a lucid explanation of Finland's



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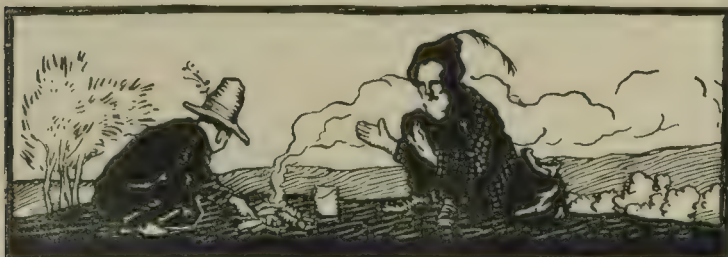
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Christmas in the Shops.

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A SAFETY PIN WITH THE BADGE OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

showing some of the most popular will undoubtedly be their array of military badges made in gold, platinum, and enamel, in their proper colours and set with precious stones. No more suitable gifts "for remembrance" could be desired. Nor are they expensive. The badge of the Royal Hussars, for instance, in gold and enamel, with platinum feathers, is most effective, and costs but £1 5s.; a handsome Royal Artillery brooch in gold and enamel, with diamond wheel, is £5 10s., or, with a gold wheel, £3 5s.; while, as a safety pin, the same design costs, respectively, £3 15s. with a diamond wheel, or £2 with a gold wheel. The badge of any regiment can be reproduced. A beautiful maple-leaf Canadian badge brooch is only £3 15s.; a Royal Navy Flying Corps design in gold, with



A GOLD BROOCH WITH THE BADGE OF THE ROYAL HUSSARS.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.



A HANDSOME WATCH BRACELET.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company offers infinite variety at all prices, from a guinea or two up to any price desired when the bracelet

is set with diamonds or other precious stones. The company's Christmas gifts include rings, pins, bracelets, earrings, necklaces, ornaments of every kind, and invariably represent solid value as well as artistic charm.

There is no present more welcome to our soldiers than tobacco, and for such splendid fellows the best is not too good. The brands of Carreras, Ltd., are always safe. That well-known company dates back to the days of Nelson, and for more than a century have maintained the high reputation of their famous brands. Among these are the "Craven Mixture," immortalised by Sir J. M. Barrie; and other fine blends are "Hankey's Mixture," "Sil Phillips," "Guards," and "Mugge's" mixtures, and the universally popular Craven "A" tobacco and cigarettes.

The inevitable anxiety of the war lends a new value to the purely home aspect of Christmas this year; and the presents given will more than ever be connected with the home life which has, in so many cases, been shadowed by the war. Presents, too, will take a simple, kindly, useful form, and none will answer to these conditions more agreeably than the handsome caddies of tea prepared for Christmas gifts by the well-known United Kingdom Tea Company, Ltd., whose list should be sent for to Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.



A CHARMING CADDY OF CARRERAS TEA.
The United Kingdom Tea Company, Ltd.

Every kind of tea is supplied: "New Century," at 2s. 4d. per pound; "Terrace" tea at 2s. 6d.; "No. 7," a very fine tea, at 3s. 3d.; and many others, any of which will be packed in ornamental caddies and sent, carriage paid, to any address. "Volara" tea, at 3s. 4d. per pound, is a suitable present for invalids; and the company's list offers something for every lover of good tea.

The magic of the East, its subtle sweetness, that mysterious charm which is so essentially Oriental, combine to make an ideal perfume, and have played their part in winning so much favour and such swift success for that delightful perfume "Wana-Rance."

Little more than a year has passed since this exquisite Perfume of Ceylon was introduced to the women of taste who set the fashions in such dainty details of the toilet, and to-day women in society have given it a high place in their favour. Very Eastern, it brings to our harsher climate something of the sensuous fragrance of Ceylon. It perfumes every department of the toilet, and a complete series of "Wana-Rance" toilet requisites, by Messrs. Grossmith, Newgate Street, E.C., into which this fascinating perfume enters, makes a delightful and unconventional Christmas gift.



THE PERFUME OF THE EAST.
Wana-Rance.

With Christmas bringing its spell of rest, even for the brave men fighting for their country, it is a clear duty of women to appear at their best. And this can be attained by the aid of Mrs. Helena Adair, of 92, Bond Street, W., and her admirable inventions for the preservation of youth and beauty. Her "Ganesh Strapping Muscle Treatment" is successful in reducing double chins and filling out hollows; and, used with the "Ganesh Muscle Oil," is a specific for the conservation of youthful contours. A descriptive booklet of these and other details of beauty culture should be written for; but, if possible, a visit to 92, Bond Street is even more desirable.

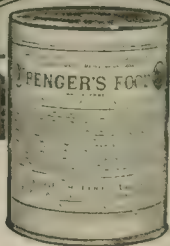
Christmas at the front or on the sea will not be wholly cheerless if thought is taken to send presents liberally; and of these none will be surer of a great reception than a box of State Express Cigarettes. Whether Virginia, the famous No. 555 or Turkish, the almost equally well-known No. 444, they at once appeal to the smoker. State Express cigarettes never vary in quality, because they are made from the finest tobacco that can be procured and manufactured by experts in the most scientific manner. This combination makes for a really luxurious cigarette, worthy of all acceptance.



FOR THE FRONT: A WELCOME GIFT.

(Continued overleaf)

BENGER'S



For
Infants,
Invalids,
and
the Aged.

Whenever special feeding is required, there is a case for Benger's Food.

Benger's is prepared with fresh new milk, and forms a dainty and delicious food cream in which both the Food and the milk have been automatically made suitable for the weakest digestion.

Benger's Food contains the natural elements of self-digestion. Medical men know and approve its contents, and under their authority it is used in civil, military, and naval hospitals - infirmaries, sanatoria, convalescent and nursing institutions.

"Benger's Food and How to Use it." - A little work of authority on the feeding of infants, invalids, and the aged, post free on application to:-

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., Otter Works, MANCHESTER.
Branch Offices: NEW YORK (U.S.A.), 90, Beekman St.,
SYDNEY (N.S.W.), 117, Pitt St., and Depots throughout CANADA.

Sold in tins by all Chemists, etc., everywhere.

B202

INEXPENSIVE WINTER COATS

With a view to keeping our workers fully employed during the slack Season we have designed a number of warm, fur-trimmed Coats, which we are now selling at remarkably low prices. These Coats are adapted from the newest Paris Models and are made in fine quality wool velour.

NEW STREET COAT (as sketch), in best quality heavy-weight corded cloth, perfectly tailored and trimmed goat fur. In black and good soft colourings.

SPECIAL PRICE **5½ Gns.**

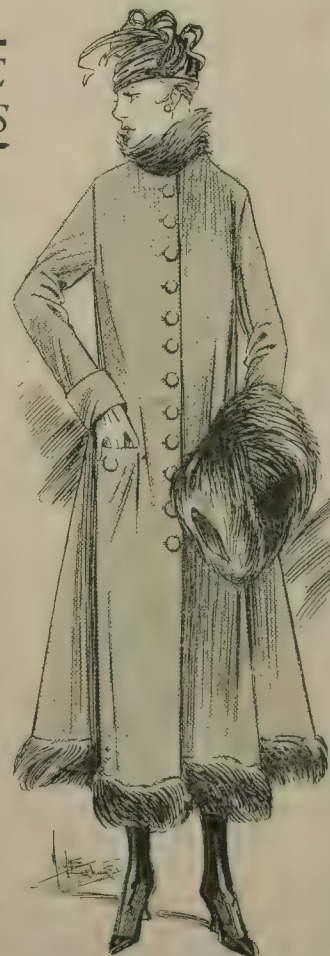
GIFTS FOR OFFICERS.

SLEEPING BAGS in waterproof khaki twill, lined fur, light and warm, to fold in small compass, from 5 Gns.
KHAKI ALL-WOOL BRITISH WARM COATS, from 6 Gns.
LEATHER WAISTCOATS, lined reliable fur, from 69/6.
FUR WAISTCOATS in Natural Nutria, lined fannel, with leather backs, 6 Gns.
FUR ENGADINE CAPS, in various furs, from 21/-.

Debenham & Freebody.

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value





A Testing Sample will be forwarded on application to Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., Glasgow

PER 8^{d.} OZ.

No. 436

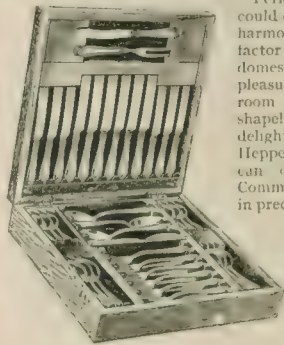
No. 1.—Lamelled Metal Parts, well fitted to the Top	£1 10 6
No. 3.—Lamelled Metal Parts, well fitted to the Top and Bottom	£2 17 6
No. 5.—Lamelled Metal Parts, well fitted to the Top and Bottom, and the Carriage	£4 4 0

Carriage paid in Great Britain. Write for Booklet A7

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd.,

Christmas in the Shops—Continued

It was a happy inspiration which prompted the Oneida Community, of Oneida, New York, to produce "Community Plate" in harmony with the decorations and furniture of a room, so that by buying their



A CHRISTMAS BOX OF COMMUNITY PLATE
The Oneida Community, Ltd.

Period Silver" you could ensure the artistic harmony which is a factor in the making of domestic harmony and pleasure. If your dining-room is furnished in shapely Sheraton, or the delightful Chippendale or Heppelwhite manner, you can obtain the Oneida Community Period Plate in precisely the same style, which adds to the charm of the table and the whole room. The graceful lines of the Adam brothers are also reproduced in this silver, which can be purchased in boxes at all prices, from a very few shillings upwards. A dainty booklet with full particulars will be sent on application to Messrs. Oneida Community, Ltd., Diamond House, Hatton Garden, E.C.

There was a time when chocolate was a luxury for the few. To-day it is a luxurious necessity for the many, and its delicious and nutritious qualities have won for it probably the widest popularity of any sweetmeat. There is no necessity to insist upon the excellence of goods so celebrated, so uniformly delicious, wholesome, and acceptable as the chocolates of Messrs. Fry and Son. These bonbons, of all varieties, and sold by all good confectioners, are put up for Christmas gifts in an infinite variety of dainty and pretty cases. For the charitably disposed, Fry's cocoa makes an excellent and always welcome gift.

Even in the crude conditions of life in the trenches our soldiers are scrupulously careful about the preservation of their teeth. For this reason, a Christmas present of Calox, the tooth-powder which in use releases purifying oxygen, will be peculiarly welcome, alike for its agreeable nature and valuable hygienic properties. A free sample and booklet can be got from Messrs. G. B. Kent and Sons, Ltd., 75, Farringdon Road, E.C.

To men in the trenches or on the sea for writing home, and to the devoted nurses and doctors who are doing such valuable work for the wounded, a pen that is



THE NEW SELF-FILLING WATERMAN PEN.

always ready and always reliable is a possession beyond price. For that reason, many thoughtful people will send a Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen as a Christmas gift. The New Lever Self-Filling Waterman can be bought from 12s. 6d., or the "Regular" Waterman's Ideal from 10s. 6d. A booklet showing various styles can be obtained from Mr. L. G. Sloan, The Pen Corner, Kingsway, W.C.

Never has a rest-chair been so absolutely suitable for a Christmas present as it is this year. Messrs. J. Foot and Son, Ltd., of 171, New Bond Street, W., whose many comforts for invalids are proving invaluable aids to the care of the sick and wounded, are the inventors of the Burlington adjustable rest-chair, which our illustration shows adjusted to form a luxurious couch. A point of great value is that by the occupant simply pressing a button the back can be adjusted to any inclina-



THE BURLINGTON ADJUSTABLE REST-CHAIR.
Messrs. J. Foot and Son.

tion, from upright to flat. The leg-rest is also adjustable; the arms open outwards. The Burlington has been so carefully thought out that there is not a single position to which it does not accommodate itself.

In these strenuous war days everyone is practical, and in the choosing of Christmas gifts the quality of usefulness is not lost sight of. A reliable watch is therefore peculiarly acceptable this year, especially to men at the front or at sea, and nothing could be more welcome to either than a reliable Waltham watch. Such a present also serves as a constant reminder



THE WRISTLET
WALTHAM WATCH.
The Waltham Watch Co.

of the giver, and to fighters in the war, nurses, doctors, or other workers for the war, such a gift would be equally acceptable. But, before all else, a watch must be reliable, and that is a detail in which the Waltham never fails. A Waltham wristlet-watch such as that illustrated costs only £3 3s. 6d., or, for ladies, 20 14s. 6d., and for a small extra fee it can be had with luminous dial—a great advantage for men in the trenches or at sea. The Waltham Watch Book gives full particulars of various kinds and prices, and can be obtained from the Waltham Watch Company, 125, High Holborn, W.C.

Our men at the front have a perfect passion for cleanliness, and nothing pleases them better than to feel that they are able to counteract the inevitable dirt and discomfort of the trenches by a really good wash. It is a noteworthy practical fact that a particularly useful and welcome Christmas-box to our soldiers and sailors this year will be some boxes of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. Its fame, not merely as a pleasant and health-giving toilet soap, but as one possessing distinct disinfecting properties, is world-wide, and many shilling boxes of three packets will find their way, accompanied by some towels, to our soldiers and sailors this Christmas.

Now that whisky is frequently ordered by doctors in cases where a little wholesome stimulant is desirable, it is essential to know that the spirit is well matured, pure, and free from any deleterious qualities. All these desiderata are obtained in the well-known "Four Crown" brand of whisky, of which Messrs. Robert Brown, Ltd., of Glasgow, are the proprietors. So popular is the "Four Crown" whisky that Messrs. Robert Brown, Ltd., have had to bring their big business under one roof in Cadogan Street, Glasgow, a handsome building in which several thousand cases of whisky are stored and constantly maturing.

[Continued overleaf.]

URODONAL

RENEWES THE SYSTEM.

SECOND YOUTH.

Dr. Maurice de Fleury, Fellow of the Académie de Médecine, Paris, in the course of a lecture on the symptoms of "Premature Old Age," made the following highly interesting communication to his colleagues:—

"The crisis which gives to the observer the impression of a critical period in life, usually starts with digestive disorders, viz., atonic dyspepsia, spasm of the stomach, obstinate constipation, swelling of the epigastric region and congestion of the face after meals, dyspnoea following any effort, shortness of breath after climbing a few stairs or running a few paces; whilst a strange feeling of lassitude overcomes the patient, whose muscles are stiff and inert, as if they had been bruised. The normal balance between his own strength and the weight of his body appears to be disturbed so that he can hardly drag himself along. He suffers with insomnia at night and drowsiness during the day; there is a persistent feeling of numbness at the nape of the neck, headache, a tight feeling at the temples with an odd sensation of emptiness in the head. Others suffer from nocturnal cramp or 'dead' fingers. The sclerotic coat (white) of the eye turns yellow; and from a rosy tint, the skin gradually becomes purple, while the plumpness of good health degenerates into a swollen appearance. There is an occasional feeling of discomfort in the region of the heart, reminiscent of *angina pectoris* (especially in the case of smokers). Attacks of influenza leave persistent wheezing, almost amounting to attacks of asthma at night. Hemorrhoids occur, and the veins of the lower limbs become prominent. There is palpitation of the heart, sudden waves of heat to the face, followed by icy cold. The kidney secretions are thick and form deposits. Later on, the patient wonders why it is he no longer feels his former enthusiasm for work. His memory is less responsive and less reliable, proper names, figures, etc., cannot be remembered, and speech becomes slow and hesitating. Wherever need arises for prompt decision, the will, which was formerly quick and definite, is now halting and undetermined. The face becomes drawn and worn, and there is a constant dread of being told he 'looks ill.'"

Communication to the Académie de Médecine.

After closely investigating and following up 201 cases, Prof. M. de Fleury states emphatically that in 105 patients (that is, 52 per cent.) a marked excess of uric acid was present. Nothing more is required to make a man look old before his age, when he is not the least inclined to being "nervy."

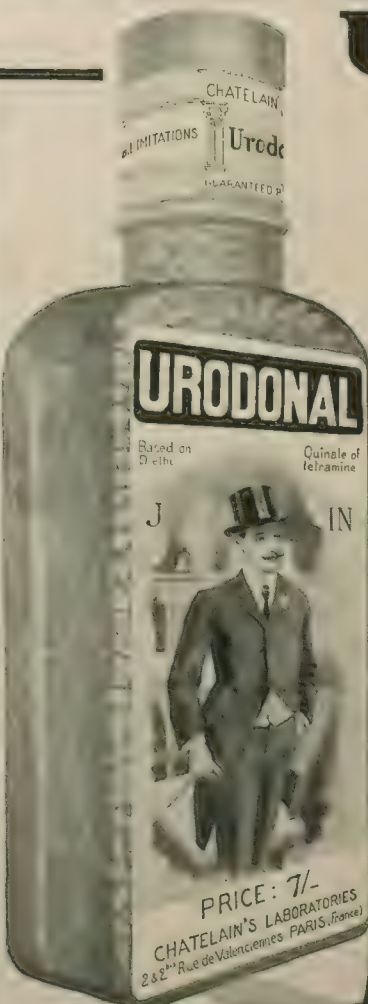
It is, of course, regrettable that a man's health and strength, and even his intellect, should be at the mercy of a few stray crystals. It is, however, consoling to know that these mischievous particles can be dissolved, and that URODONAL does dissolve them as quickly and as surely as "hot water dissolves sugar."

A complete course of URODONAL (3 bottles) effects a thorough elimination of uric acid, and patients feel invigorated and "rejuvenated" without running the least danger (Urodonal is absolutely harmless) and without trouble to themselves. This elimination of uric acid lowers the blood-pressure by thoroughly cleansing the kidneys and removing impurities from the arteries, and is, for those who avail themselves of it, the dawn of a second period of youth. DR. DAURIAN, Paris Medical Faculty.

URODONAL, 7s. per bottle (3 bottles 20s.). Prepared by I. L. Chatalein, Pharm. Chemist, Paris. From all chemists, or direct, post free, from the British and Colonial Agents, **Heppells**, Foreign Chemists, 105, Piccadilly, London, from whom can be obtained, post free, a full explanatory booklet on URODONAL, giving Doctors' Opinions and Interesting Points on How to Maintain Health.

Agents in Canada: Messrs. ROUGIER FRERES, 63, Rue Notre Dame Est, Montreal, Canada.

Agents in U.S.A.: Monsieur GEO. WALLAU, 2, 4, 6, Cliff Street, New York, U.S.A.



It is the dawn of renewed, triumphant and happy youth which is reflected in the bottle of Urodonal, as in a magic mirror.



Have faith in Urodonal and you will immediately see its good results.

When Soldier Friends are Home on Leave



Observe the
signature thus:—

Lea & Perrins

*in white across
the red label on
every bottle.*

The original and genuine
WORCESTERSHIRE.

remember, when dining or
lunching, always to have a
bottle of **LEA & PERRINS'**
SAUCE on the table. It gives
the finishing touch to the
enjoyment of the meal.

Owing to its **QUALITY** and concen-
tration, a few drops only of this famous
sauce are sufficient to give a delightfully
appetizing flavour to the plainest dish.



45/-

**15 ct. GOLD AND
ENAMEL.**

BEAUTIFUL WORKMANSHIP.

Any Badge Supplied.

Including Leather Velvet-Lined Case.



45/-

REGIMENTAL BADGE BROOCHES.

SPINK & SON, LTD.,

Medallists by Special Appointment to His Majesty the King,

17 & 18, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W. [Close to Piccadilly Circus.]

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd. CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS



These series of
Pens—neither scratch
nor spurt. They glide over
the roughest paper with the
ease of a soft lead pencil. Assorted
Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained
from all Stationers. If out of stock, send
7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM.

Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

This remedy, which positively
prevents and cures **SEA
SICKNESS and TRAIN
SICKNESS**, has been
tested on the English
Channel, Irish and
Baltic Seas by the
leading London news-
papers, who endorse its
unfailing power to prevent
mal-de-mer.

Of all Chemists, in Boxes 2/6 & 5/-



Used by Steamship Companies,
on Atlantic Liners, Yachts,
Motor Boats, Poly-
technic Tours, &c.,
and has received
testimonials from
Royalty, the Nobility,
Doctors, Chemists,
Army and Naval Officers.
Absolutely harmless and
produces no bad after-effects.

MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO., LTD., 19, St. Bride St., London, E.C.

GUARANTEED TO CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.



Another Sturdy Argument for the Mellin's Food Method

THE more widely it is realised that the best diet for
a hand-fed baby must be based on *fresh milk*, the
more insistent grows the demand for Mellin's Food
—the food that is prepared for use *with* fresh milk.

Nor is it to be wondered at, when you have the most eminent doctors
of our time definitely stating that sterilised milk is actively injurious
to baby (and 'dried milk' comes, of course, in the same category).

'Mellin's' 'Humanises' Milk

Fresh cow's milk alone is not digestible
for baby, but it contains vital elements
found *only* in fresh milk. Mix Mellin's
Food with this fresh milk and you *retain*
those elements and at the same time
'humanise' the milk, rendering it ac-
ceptable to the digestion, if needs be,
of even a new-born babe.

Instantly Adaptable

By simply varying the proportion of
Mellin's Food and fresh milk, the
diet can be suited exactly to the
requirements of any child of any
age or constitution, and all the time
it is the diet which best ensures
the full, healthy, and 'all-round'
development of the child.

Mellin's Food

A Doctor wrote recently: "I find that Mellin's Food made up with fresh cow's
milk is far superior to foods made with water only." (*Original letter on file.*)

TEST IT FOR YOURSELF. A sample bottle of Mellin's Food, together
with a valuable Handbook on Infant Feeding, will be sent you free on request.

ADDRESS: SAMPLE DEPT., MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD., PECKHAM, LONDON, S.1

RELIEF FOR ALL.
**BROWN'S
BRONCHIAL
TROCHES.**

Why not try these **TROCHES** for
your fidgety cough? They are the
old-fashioned remedy for the allevi-
ation of **COUGHS, HOARSE-
NESS, SORE THROAT, BRON-
CHITIS and ASTHMA.**
They contain no opiate, and are
much appreciated by Singers and
Public Speakers.

**THE
MEXICAN
HAIR
RENEWER.**

**Do not let Grey Hairs
appear.**

Restores Grey or White Hair to its
original colour, where the glands are
not destroyed. Prevents Dandruff, and
the Hair from coming out. Restores
and Strengthens the Hair.

IS NOT A DYE.
Sold Everywhere.

CARTERS

Telegrams:
"Bathchair, Wesdo,
London."

"The Alleviation of Human Pain."
(ESTABLISHED OVER 60 YEARS.)

Telephone:
1050 Mayfair.

Christmas and New Year Gifts for Real Appreciation.

THE 'CARBREK' GENERAL UTILITY TABLE (27/6)



is giving daily satisfaction in thousands
of British homes. It is

NOT ONLY A BED-TABLE,
but for cards, needlework, music, and
dozens of other purposes, it is indispen-
sable in every household. British made
throughout.

Strong, Substantial and Reliable.

Polished Oak Top and Enamelled Stand	27 6
In Polished Mahogany	32 6
In Polished Mahogany, with Bronzed and Plated Stand	47 6
Detachable Circular Table, 7/3 and 8/3.	

Write for the "Carbrek" dainty Booklet.

CARTERS,

2, 4, & 6, New Cavendish Street,
LONDON, W.

THE "CARBREK" (Registered and Protected).
For Meals in Bed and other Table and Desk Uses.
Adjustable, Tilting.

MARVELLOUS ECONOMY IN LIGHTING & COOKING

Gas at 1/4
per 1000.

MOLLY VICKETT, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W.
ANTERSONS, Ltd., Cheltenham, N.Z.
MARKS & Co., Bathurst, N.S.W.
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With a Self-contained Gas Generator.

Our Patent Duplex Carburettor gives wonderful results and works on Ordinary Petrol. Hundreds of Testimonials. Many adaptations of other makes to our perfect system, showing a saving of from 50 to 75 per cent.

A SOFT BUT PERFECT LIGHT.

Silent Burners and Automatic Switches render the system perfect.

Write for booklet and particulars.

THE PIONEERS OF PETROL GAS LIGHTING.

Thirty Years' Experience also in high-class Electrical Installations.

SPENSERS Ltd. LONDON: 53c, South Molton Street.
EDINBURGH: 119c, George Street.

YULE TIDE GIFTS.

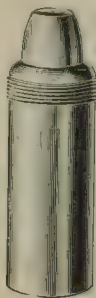


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"UNIVERSAL"
Coffee Machine
Makes excellent coffee,
free from the unwhole-
some properties caused
by boiling.

Made in Nickel or Copper
finish.Makes a distinctive and
useful gift, acceptable
in every home.Made in 1, 2, 3, and
4 pint sizes.

The
"UNIVERSAL"
Vacuum Flask.

Fitted with patented non-
rusting Shock Absorber, which
practically eliminates break-
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SAFE, SANITARY, DURABLE.
Retains heat for 24 hours.An excellent Gift for our Soldiers
and Sailors at home and abroad.Made in 1/2-pint, 1-pint, and
2-pint sizes.

"UNIVERSAL" Household Special-
ties are on Sale at all first-class
Ironmongers and Department Stores.

WRITE FOR FREE BOOKLETS.

LANDERS, FRARY, & CLARK
(ROOM G), 31, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE,
LONDON, E.C.

FOR ECONOMY EAT

B!VEL CHEESE

It provides an excellent
substitute for meat.
Nourishing and delicious.
No rind, no waste, and—
NO ADVANCE IN PRICE.

61d. each.

from Grocers and Dairymen.

Exterminated by
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS
No Danger to Animals.
NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats 2/6
and 6/-; for Mice 1/6.
Of all chemists, or write for
particulars to—Dolph D.
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB LTD.
44, MANCHESTER STREET, LIVERPOOL.

CHURCH ARMY REST HUTS, CLUBS AND TENTS

For the Troops at Home and Abroad.

All under keen, hearty Church Army Workers. Cost of Huts, £300;
Tents, £150. Week's Working, £2 at home, £5 abroad.

FUNDS ARE MOST EARNESTLY REQUESTED to enable us to comply
with CONSTANT AND URGENT REQUESTS for opening additional Huts
and working those already existing.

Cheques crossed "Barclays", a/c Church Army, payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief
Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.

BENSON'S "Active Service" WRISTLET WATCH.

Fully Luminous Figures and Hands

Silver Hunting Case, £3.7.6
Crystal Glass with screw bezel and back, £3.3

Others with luminous dials, £2.10
Gold from £5.10

WARRANTED TIMEKEEPERS.

25 OLD BOND STREET, W.

and 62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

Highly Recommended by Medical Profession.

Write for Samples and Booklet and enclose 6d. stamps for postage.

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FLOUR, BISCUITS, BREAD, FOOD, Etc.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Road Safety. With the general reduction of lighting throughout the country comes a welcome reminder from the Roads Improvement Association that now is the time for hedge-trimming and tree-pruning. Owners of, and residents in, property having road fronts, especially at corners and junctions, are particularly asked in the interests of public safety to have all overhanging or view-obstructing hedges and branches cut down. This



HANDY FOR LONG-DISTANCE COUNTRY RUNS AT HOME OR TAKING OUT CONVALESCENT SOLDIERS: A 15-20 H.P. BRISCOE. The Briscoe car seen here is a five-seater of 15-20 h.p., the price of which is £200. Its equipment is up to date in every particular, and the car is complete with electric-starter and lighting. In the photograph the car is seen standing outside the celebrated grammar-school at Stratford-on-Avon.

work is exceptionally urgent and important this year, consequent upon military traffic at night. Road-users, therefore, who are acquainted with any places made dangerous by overgrowing trees, shrubs, etc., are invited to send full details to the secretary of the R.I.A., 15, Dartmouth Street, Westminster. All such reports will be

carefully investigated, and such action as may appear desirable will be taken to remove any danger.

Motor Imports. October, the first clear month of taxed—or rather, import-duty bearing—cars, has come and gone, so one is able to see how much the outcry against the Chancellor of the Exchequer's plans is worth. I am glad to say the shriekers against import duty will find little to console them in the returns for this month. In fact, as compared with October last year, the loud-voiced ones have not a leg to stand upon. The figures will speak for themselves, so I give them first before further comment.

	Oct. 1914.	Oct. 1915.
Motor-Cars	£38,513	£262,308
Motor Chassis	56,147	71,097
Motor Parts	32,150	225,622

The return of motor parts excludes tyres, and so the totals show all dutiable articles. Now it is a well-known fact that the importation of cars drops during the last six months of the year, so that August shows better figures than September, and September better totals than October. Therefore, the only chance the agitators have of saying, "I told you so," is by comparing the present October figures with those of the preceding month. Last September a great number of cars were rushed into this country in order to avoid the duty, consequently the reduction in the October figures to £330,000 as compared with the £517,000 in September need be taken little notice of, as the influx was abnormal; while, as already stated, there is always a drop in the fall of the year. As a matter of fact, the figures prove that the duty has in no wise reduced the importation of cars and their parts, and in regard to the latter, these have beaten the previous month's (September) figures, so that the advocates of the impost win all round. How so great a rise in car parts has come to be caused is, no doubt, accounted for by a greater amount of assembling of imported cars being done in England, thus employing British labour. The rise is enormous, as in September the imports of parts, including tyre parts, amounted to £144,000, while October

shows the total of £225,000—a big increase, as tyre parts, not being dutiable, are not included in these figures.

Commercial News. When motorists talk about being able to buy only imported cars, I always feel inclined to say, "What about a second-hand British one?" There are hundreds of these available, all in running condition, and needing only a small amount of expenditure on varnish and upholstery to smarten them up a bit. Then the Garner firm, of Birmingham, can supply British-made lorries and vans to take three, four, or six ton loads, with immediate delivery at buyers' own terms—that is, cash or part payment—so that does away with the cry of "no commercial vehicles available," which is rubbish. Take petrol as another instance. Redline and Ensign petrol are just as good as any other brand, and probably better than some. Well, these are products of a British firm, so there is the fuel question settled for the doubters of British industry. As a matter of business, it is the importers generally who, for their own advantage, endeavour to persuade the public that they cannot buy British motors. One



ENGAGED IN WAR-SERVICE IN GERMAN SOUTH-WEST AFRICA: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL CAR ON CAMPAIGN.

This is one of the Vauxhall cars which figured in General Botha's campaign in its service trim. When ordered to the front, the original touring body was removed and replaced by one locally made for war-purposes. The iron drums seen at the back held water to supply the troops in the desert.

may not be able to buy one particular car at the moment, but I know I have managed to buy cars for my friends without the slightest trouble. W. W.



Dunlop: "About time you fitted a Steel-studded Non-skid isn't it."

Driver: "What, on the front wheel sir?"

Dunlop: "Certainly, front and back, one Steel-studded and one Grooved cover on each pair of wheels."

Driver: "What's the idea?"

Dunlop: "To prevent a front as well as a rear skid, and to be prepared for all weathers. A Steel-studded cover grips where an all-rubber tread doesn't, and vice-versa. It is much the best all-round plan. Try it."

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,
Founders of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry throughout the World,

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.,
PARIS 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



CHRISTMAS NUMBER



"Huld Lang Syne."

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL.



From his pockets he shook out a mixed collection of loot.

"There was one British private who did not leave with the rest, for he was asleep in a cellar. Next morning he awoke to find Ypres without any authority, and, misliking that, he set about governing it himself. . . . They called him 'le roi d'Ypres,' but his kingship lasted only for a week."—Mr. John Buchan, in "The Times."

PRIVATE PETER GALBRAITH, of the 3rd Lennox Highlanders, awoke with a splitting headache and the consciousness of an intolerable din. At first he thought it was the whistle from the forge, which a year ago had pulled him from his bed when he was a puddler in Motherwell. He scrambled to his feet, and nearly cracked his skull against a low roof. That, and a sound which suggested that the heavens were made of canvas which a giant hand was rending, cleared his wits and recalled him to the disagreeable present. He lit the dottle in his pipe, and began to piece out his whereabouts.

Late the night before, the remnants of his battalion had been brought in from the Gheluvelt trenches to billets in Ypres. That last week he had gone clean off his sleep. He had not been dry for a fortnight, his puttees had rotted away, his great-coat had disappeared in a mud-hole, and he had had no stomach for what food could be got. He had seen half his battalion die before his eyes, and day and night the shells had burst round him till the place looked like the ironworks at Motherwell on a foggy night. The worst of it was that he had never come to grips with the Boches, which he had long decided was the one pleasure left to him in life. He had got far beyond cursing, though he had once had a talent that way. His mind was as sodden as his body, and his thoughts had been focussed on the penetrating power of a bayonet when directed against a plump Teutonic chest. There had been a German barber in Motherwell called Schultz, and he imagined the enemy as a million Schultzes—large, round men who talked with the back of their throat.

In billets he had scraped off the worst part of the mud, and drunk half a bottle of wine which a woman had given him. It tasted like red ink, but anything liquid was better than food. Sleep was what he longed for, but he could not get it. The Boches were shelling the town, and the room he shared with six others seemed as noisy as the Gallowgate on a Saturday night. He wanted to get deep down into the earth where

there was no sound; so, while the others snored, he started out to look for a cellar. In the black darkness, while the house rocked to the shell reverberations, he had groped his way down the stairs, found a door which led to another flight, and, slipping and stumbling, had come to a narrow, stuffy chamber which smelt of potatoes. There he had lain down on some sacks and fallen into a frowsty slumber.

His head was spinning, but the hours of sleep had done him good. He felt a slight appetite for breakfast, as well as an intolerable thirst. He groped his way up the stairs, and came out in a dilapidated hall lit by a dim November morning.

There was no sign of the packs which had been stacked there the night before. He looked for a Boche's helmet which he had brought in as a souvenir, but that was gone. Then he found the room where he had been billeted. It was empty, and only the stale smell of tobacco told of its occupants.

Lonely, disconsolate, and oppressed with thoughts of future punishment, he moved towards the street door. Suddenly the door of a side room opened and a man came out, a furtive figure with a large, pasty face. His pockets bulged, and in one hand was a silver candlestick. At the sight of Galbraith he jumped back and held up a pistol.

"Pit it down, man, and tell's what's come ower this place?" said the soldier. For answer, a bullet sang past his ear and shivered a plaster Venus.

Galbraith gave his enemy the butt of his rifle and laid him out. From his pockets he shook out a mixed collection of loot.

He took possession of his pistol, and kicked him with some vehemence into a cupboard.

"That yin's a thief," was his spoken reflection. "There's something mighty wrong wi' Wipers the day."

His head was clearing, and he was getting very wroth. His battalion had gone off and left him in a cellar, and miscreants were abroad. It was time for a respectable man to be up and doing. Besides, he wanted his breakfast. He fixed his bayonet, put the pistol in his pocket, and emerged into the November drizzle.

The streets suddenly were curiously still. The occasional shell-fire came to his ears as if through layers of cotton-wool. He put this down to dizziness from lack of food, and made his way to what looked like an *estaminet*. The place was full of riotous people who were helping themselves to drinks, while a



Private Galbraith, despising shells, swaggered up the open.



Roaring like a bull, he was among them.

distracted landlord wrung his hands. He flew to Galbraith, the tears running down his cheeks, and implored him in broken words.

"Vere ze Engleesh?" he cried. "Ze méchants rob me. Zere is une émeute. Vere ze officers?"

"That's what I'm wantin' to ken mysel'," said Galbraith.

"Zey are gone," wailed the innkeeper. "Zere is no gendarme or anying, and I am rob."

"Where's the polis? Get the Provost, man. D'ye tell me there's no polis left?"

"I am rob," the wail continued. "Ze méchants rob ze magasins and ve vill be assassinés."

Light was dawning upon Private Galbraith. The British troops had left Ypres for some reason which he could not fathom, and there was no law or order in the little city. At other times he had hated the law as much as any man, and his relations with the police had often been strained. Now he realised that he had done them an injustice. Disorder suddenly seemed to him the one thing intolerable. Here had he been undergoing a stiff discipline for weeks, and if that was his fate no civilian should be allowed on the loose. He was a British soldier—marooned here by no fault of his own—and it was his business to keep up the end of the British Army and impose the King's peace upon the unruly. His temper was getting hot, but he was curiously happy. He marched into the *estaminet*. "Oot o' here, ye scum!" he bellowed. "Sortez, ye cochons!"

The revellers were silent before the apparition. Then one, drunker than the rest, flung a bottle which grazed his right ear. That put the finishing touch to his temper. Roaring like a bull, he was among them, prodding their hinder parts with his bayonet, and now and then reversing his rifle to crack a head. He had not played centre-forward in the old days at Celtic Park for nothing. The place emptied in a twinkling—all but one man whose legs could not support him. Him Private Galbraith seized by the scruff and the slack of his trousers, and tossed into the street.

"Now I'll hae my breakfast," he said to the trembling landlord.

Private Galbraith, much the better for his exercise, made a hearty meal of bread and cold ham, and quenched his thirst with two bottles of Haze-brouck beer. He had also a little brandy, and pocketed the flask, for which the landlord refused all payment. Then, feeling a giant refreshed, he sallied into the street.

"I'm off to look for your Provost," he said.

"If ye have ony mair trouble, ye'll find me at the Toun Hall."

A shell had plumped into the middle of the causeway, and the place was empty. Private Galbraith, despising shells, swaggered up the open, his disreputable kilt swinging about his putteeless legs, the remnant of a bonnet set well on the side of his shaggy red head, and the light of battle in his eyes. For once he was arrayed on the side of the angels, and the thought encouraged him mightily. The brandy had fired his imagination.

Adventure faced him at the next corner.

A woman was struggling with two men—a slim, pale girl with dark hair. No sound came from her lips, but her eyes were bright with terror. Galbraith started to run, shouting sound British oaths. The men let the woman go, and turned to face him. One had a pistol, and for the second time that day a bullet just missed its mark. An instant later a clean bayonet thrust had ended the mortal career of the marksman, and the other had taken to his heels.

"I'll learn thae lads to be sae free wi' their pop-guns," said the irate soldier. "Haud up, Mem. It's a' by wi' noo. Losh! The wumman's fentit!"

Private Galbraith was as shy of women as of his Commanding Officer, and he had not bargained for this duty. She was clearly a lady from her dress and appearance, and this did not make it easier. He supported her manfully, addressing to her the kind of encouragements which a groom gives to a horse. "Canny now, Mem. Haud up! Ye've no cause to be feared."

Then he remembered the brandy in his pocket, and with much awkwardness managed to force some drops between her lips. To his vast relief she began to come to. Her eyes opened and stared uncomprehendingly at her preserver. Then she found her voice.

"Thank God, the British have come back!" she said in excellent English.

"No, Mem; not yet. It's just me, Private Galbraith, 'C' Company, 3rd Battalion, Lennox Highlanders. Ye keep some bad lots in this toun."

"Alas! what can we do? The place is full of spies, and they will stir up the dregs of the people and make Ypres a hell. Oh, why did the British go? Our good men are all with the army, and there are only old folk and wastrels left."

"Rely upon me, Mem," said Galbraith stoutly. "I was just settin' off to find your Provost."

She puzzled at the word, and then understood. "He has gone," she cried. "The Maire went to

(Continued on Page 6.)



The British troops came again into Ypres.



A Christmas Visit from His Chum: In a French Hospital.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



The Christmas Hamper from Home.

DRAWN BY S. REGG.

Dunkirk a week ago, and there is no authority in Ypres."

"Then we'll make yin. Here's the minister. We'll speir at him."

An old priest, with a lean, grave face, had come up.

"Ah, Mam'selle Omèrine," he cried, "the devil in our city is unchained. Who is this soldier?"

The two talked in French, while Galbraith whistled and looked at the sky. A shrapnel shell was bursting behind the cathedral, making a splash of colour in the November fog. Then the priest spoke in careful and constrained English.

"There is yet a chance for a strong man. But he must be very strong. Mam'selle will summon her father, Monsieur le Procureur, and we will meet at the Mairie. I will guide you there, *mon brave*."

The Grande Place was deserted, and in the middle there was a new gaping shell-hole. At the door of a great building, which Galbraith assumed to be the Town Hall, a feeble old porter was struggling with a man. Galbraith scragged the latter and pitched him into the shell-hole. There was a riot going on in a café on the far side which he itched to have a hand in, but he postponed that pleasure to a more convenient season.

Twenty minutes later, in a noble room with frescoed and tapestried walls, there was a strange conference. The priest was there, and Galbraith, and Mam'selle Omèrine, and her father, M. St. Marais. There was a doctor too, and three elderly citizens, and an old warrior who had left an arm on the Yser. Galbraith took charge, with Mam'selle as his interpreter, and in half an hour had constituted a Committee of Public Safety. He had nervous folk to deal with.

"The Germans may enter at any moment, and then we will all be hanged," said one.

"Nae doot," said Galbraith; "but ye needna get your throats cut afore they come."

"The city is full of the ill-disposed," said another. "The Boches have their spies in every alley. We who are so few cannot control them."

"If it's spies," said Galbraith firmly, "I'll take on the job my lone. D'ye think a terrier dows' feared of a wheen rottens?" (*Anglicè*—rats.)

In the end he had his way, with Mam'selle's help, and had put some confidence into civic breasts. It took him the best part of the afternoon to collect his posse. He got every wounded Belgian that had the use of his legs, some well-grown boys, one or two ancients, and several dozen robust women. There was no lack of weapons, and he armed the lot with a strange collection of French and English rifles, giving pistols to

the section leaders. With the help of the Procureur, he divided the city into beats and gave his followers instructions. They were drastic orders, for the situation craved for violence.

He spent the evening of his life. So far as he remembered afterwards, he was in seventeen



One band of bullies made a stout resistance.

different scraps. Strayed revellers were leniently dealt with—the canal was a cooling experience. Looters were rounded up, and, if they showed fight, summarily disposed of. One band of bullies made a stout resistance, killed two of his guards, and lost half-a-dozen dead. He got a black eye, a pistol-bullet through his sleeve, a wipe on the cheek from a carving-knife, and he lost the remnants of his bonnet. Fifty-two prisoners spent the night in the cellars of the Mairie.

About midnight he found himself in the tapestried chamber. "We'll hae to get a Proclamation," he had announced; "a good strong yin, for we maun conduct this job according to the rules." So the Procureur had drawn up a document bidding all inhabitants of Ypres keep indoors except between the hours of 10 a.m. and noon, and 3 and 5 p.m.; forbidding the sale of alcohol in all forms; and making theft and violence and the carrying of arms punishable by death. There was a host of other provisions which Galbraith imperfectly understood, but when the thing was translated to him he approved its spirit. He signed the document in his large sprawling hand—"Peter Galbraith, 1473, Pte., 3rd Lennox Highlanders, Acting Provost of Wipers."

"Get that prentit," he said, "and pit up copies at every street-corner and on a' the public-hooses. And see that the doors o' the publics are boardit up. That'll do for the day. I'm feelin' verra like my bed."

Mam'selle Omèrine watched him with a smile. She caught his eye and dropped him a curtsy.

"Monsieur le Roi d'Ypres," she said.

He blushed hotly.

For the next few days Private Galbraith worked harder than ever before in his existence. For the first time he knew responsibility, and that toil which brings honour with it. He tasted the sweets of office; and he, whose aim in life had been to scrape through with the minimum of exertion, now found himself the inspirer of the maximum in others.

At first he scorned advice, being shy and nervous. Gradually, as he felt his feet, he became glad of other people's wisdom. Especially he leaned on two, Mam'selle Omèrine and her father. Likewise the priest, whom he called the minister.

By the second day the order in Ypres was remarkable. By the third day it was phenomenal; and by the fourth a tyranny. The little city for the first time for seven hundred years fell under the sway of a despot. A citizen had to be on his best behaviour, for the Acting Provost's eye was on him. Never was seen so sober a place. Three permits for alcohol and no more were issued, and then only on the plea of medical necessity. Peter handed over to the doctor the flask of brandy he had carried off from the *estaminet*—Provosts must set an example.

The Draconian code promulgated the first night was not adhered to. Looters and violent fellows went to gaol instead of the gallows. But three spies were taken and shot after a full trial. That trial was the master effort of Private Galbraith—based on his own regimental experience and memories of a Sheriff Court in Lanarkshire, where he had twice appeared for



"You'll catch it in the neck."



"Monsieur le Roi d'Ypres," she said.

poaching. He was extraordinarily punctilious about forms, and the three criminals—their guilt was clear, and they were the scum of creation—had something more than justice. The Acting Provost pronounced sentence, which the priest translated, and a file of *mutilés* in the yard did the rest.

"If the Boches get in here we'll pay for this day's work," said the judge cheerfully; "but I'll gang easier to the grave for havin' got rid o' thae swine."

On the fourth day he had a sudden sense of dignity. He examined his apparel, and found it very bad. He needed a new bonnet, a new kilt, and puttees, and he would be the better of a new shirt. Being aware that commandeering for personal use ill suited with his office, he put the case before the Procureur, and a *Commission de Ravitaillement* was appointed. Shirts and puttees were easily got, but the kilt and bonnet were difficulties. But next morning Mam'selle Omèrine brought a gift. It was a bonnet with such a dicing round the rim as no Jock ever wore, and a skirt—it is the truest word—of that pattern which graces the persons of small girls in France. It was not the Lennox tartan, it was not any kind of tartan, but Private Galbraith did not laugh. He accepted the garments with a stammer of thanks—"They're awfu' braw, and I'm much obliged, Mem"—and, what is more, he put them on. The Ypriotes saw his splendour with approval. It was a proof of his new frame of mind that he did not even trouble to reflect what his comrades would think of his costume, and that he kissed the bonnet affectionately before he went to bed.

That night he had evil dreams. He suddenly saw the upshot of it all—himself degraded and shot as a deserter, and his brief glory pricked like a bubble. Grim forebodings of court-martials assailed him. What would Mam'selle think of him when he was led away in disgrace—he who for a little had been a king? He walked about the floor in a frenzy of disquiet, and stood long at the window peering over the Place, lit by a sudden blink of moonlight. It could never be, he decided. Something desperate would happen first. The crash of a shell a quarter of a mile off reminded him that he was in the midst of war—war with all its chances of cutting knots.

Next morning no Procureur appeared. Then came the priest with a sad face and a sadder tale. Mam'selle had been out late the night before on an errand of mercy, and a shell, crashing through a gable, had sent an avalanche of masonry into the street. She was dead, without pain, said the priest, and in the sure hope of Heaven.

The others wept, but Private Galbraith strode from the room, and in a very little time was at the house of the Procureur. He saw his little colleague laid out for death after the fashion of her Church, and his head suddenly grew very clear and his heart hotter than fire.

"I maun resign this job," he told the Committee of Public Safety. "I've been forgettin' that I'm a sodger and no a Provost. It's my duty to get a nick at thae Boches."

They tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant. His rule was over, and he was going back to serve.

But he was not allowed to resign. For that afternoon, after a week's absence, the British troops came again into Ypres.

They found a decorous little city, and many people who spoke of "le Roi"—which they assumed to signify the good King Albert. Also, in a corner of the cathedral yard, sitting disconsolately on the edge of a fallen monument, Company Sergeant-Major Macvittie of the 3rd Lennox Highlanders found Private Peter Galbraith.

"My God, Galbraith, ye've done it this time! You'll catch it in the neck! Absent for a week wi'out leave, and gettin' yoursel up to look like Harry Lauder! You come along wi' me!"

"I'll come quiet," said Galbraith with strange meekness. He was wondering how to spell Omèrine St. Marais in case he wanted to write it in his Bible.

The events of the next week were confusing to a plain man. Galbraith was very silent, and made no reply to the chaff with which at first he was greeted. Soon his fellows forbore to chaff him, regarding him as a doomed man who had come well within the pale of the ultimate penalties.

He was examined by his Commanding Officer, and interviewed by still more exalted personages. The story he told was so bare as to be unintelligible. He asked for no mercy, and gave no explanations. But there were other witnesses besides him—the priest, for example, and Monsieur St. Marais, in a sober suit of black and very dark under the eyes.

By-and-bye the court gave its verdict. Private Peter Galbraith was found guilty of riding rough-shod over the King's Regulations; he had absented himself from his battalion without permission; he had neglected his own duties and usurped without authority a number of superior functions; he had been the cause of the death or maltreatment of various persons who, whatever their moral deficiencies, must be regarded for the purposes of the case as civilian Allies. The Court, however, taking into consideration the exceptional circumstances in which Private Galbraith had been placed, inflicted no penalty and summarily discharged the prisoner.

Privately, his Commanding Officer and the still more exalted personages shook hands with him, and told him that he was a devilish good fellow and a credit to the British Army.

But Peter Galbraith cared for none of these things. As he sat again in the trenches at St. Elói in six inches of water and a foot of mud, he asked his neighbour how many Germans were opposite them.

"I was hearin' that there was maybe fifty thousand," was the answer.

Private Galbraith was content. He thought that the whole fifty thousand would scarcely atone for the death of one slim, dark-eyed girl.

THE END.



Private Galbraith was content.



A Make-Shift Christmas-Tree for Little Allies at the Front.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.



British Hospitality: The Bull-Dog and the Belgian Griffons.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. VERNON STOKES



Pilgrims Going to Church.

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Getting Ready for Church.

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The First Music-Lesson.

From the Painting by Francis Day. From a Copley Print. Copyright 1907 by Curtis and Cameron, Publishers, Boston.



"Haughty Boy."

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



How We Took the Trench.

DRAWN BY A. C. MICHAEL



The Sea-Monster.

DRAWN BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER.



The Country's Charge.

From the Painting by Norah Nelson Gray; Reproduced from "Bibby's Annual," by Courtesy of the Editor, Joseph Bibby.



THE ALLIES TAKE THE OFFENSIVE.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.



Consulting the Oracle: A Russian Christmas-Eve Custom.

DRAWN BY STRIMPL.

In Russia, it is a custom on Christmas Eve for a cock to be placed on the dining-table at the conclusion of dinner. Before each of the marriageable young people is set a bowl of grain. That person from whose bowl the cock first pecks will be the first to get married.



For Valour.

DRAWN BY A. MONTAGUE RIVERS.

THE FRIEND.

By L. N. ANDRÉYEV.

Illustrated by A. Forestier.



WHEN late at night he rang at his own door, the first sound after that of the bell was a resonant dog's bark, in which might be distinguished both fear that it might have been a stranger, and joy that it was his own master, who had arrived.

Then there followed the squish-squash of goloshes, and the squeak of the key taken out of the lock.

He came in, and taking off his wrappers in the dark, was conscious of a silent female figure close by, while the nails of a dog caressingly scratched at his knees, and a hot tongue licked his chilled hand.

"Well, what is it?" a sleepy voice asked in a tone of perfunctory interest.

"Nothing! I'm tired," curtly replied Vladimir Mikhailovich, and went to his own room. The dog followed him, his nails striking sharply on the waxed floor, and jumped on to the bed.

When the light of the lamp which he lit filled the room, his glance met the steady gaze of the dog's black eyes. They seemed to say: "Come now, pet me." And to make the request better understood, the dog stretched out his fore-paws, and laid his head sideways upon them, while his hinder quarters wriggled comically, and his tail kept twirling round like the handle of a barrel-organ.

"My only friend!" said Vladimir Mikhailovich, as he stroked the black, glossy coat. As though from excess of feeling, the dog turned on its back, showed his white teeth, and growled gently, joyful and excited. But Vladimir Mikhailovich sighed, petted the dog, and thought to himself how that there was no one else in the world that would ever love him.

If he happened to return home early, and not tired out with work, he would sit down to write, and the dog curled himself into a ball on a chair somewhere near to him, opened one black eye now and again, and sleepily wagged his tail. And when excited by the process of authorship, tortured by the sufferings of his own heroes, and choking with a

plethora of thoughts and mental pictures, he walked about in his room, and smoked cigarette after cigarette, the dog would follow him with an anxious look, and wag his tail more vigorously than ever.

"Shall we become famous, you and I, Vasyuk?" he would inquire of the dog, who would wag his tail in affirmation. "We'll eat liver then, is that right?"

his aunt, with whom he lived, would borrow china from her neighbour, and give them tea, setting on samovar after samovar. She would go and buy vodka and sausages, and sigh heavily as she drew out from the bottom of her pocket a greasy rouble-note. In the room with its smoke-laden atmosphere loud voices resounded. They quarrelled and laughed, said droll and sharp things, complained of their fate and envied one another. They advised Vladimir Mikhailovich to give up literature and take to some more lucrative occupation. Some said that he ought to consult a doctor, others clinked glasses with him, while they bewailed the injury that vodka was doing to his health. He was so sickly, so continually nervous.

This was why he had such fits of depression, and why he demanded of life the impossible. All addressed him as "thou," and their voices expressed their interest in him, and in the friendliest manner they would invite him to drive beyond the city with them and prolong the conviviality. And when he drove off merry, making more noise than the others, and laughing at nothing, there followed him two pairs of eyes: the grey eyes of his aunt, angry and reproachful, and the anxiously caressing black eyes of the dog.

He did not remember what he did when he had been drinking, and returned home in the morning bespattered with mud and marl, and without his hat.

They would tell him afterwards how in his cups he had insulted his friends; at home had reviled his aunt, who had wept and said she could not bear such a life any longer, but must do away with herself; and how he had tortured his dog when he refused to come to him and be petted; and that when, terrified and trembling, he showed his teeth, he had beaten him with a strap.

And the following day all would have finished their day's work before he woke up, sick and



"Shall we become famous, you and I, Vasyuk?"

Right!" the dog would reply, stretching himself luxuriously. He was very fond of liver.

Vladimir Mikhailovich often had visitors. Then

miserable. His heart would beat unevenly and feel faint, filling him with dread of an early death, while his hands trembled. On the other side of the wall, in the kitchen, his aunt would stomp about, the sound of her steps re-echoing through the cold, empty flat. She would not speak to Vladimir Mikhailovich, but, austere and unforgetting, gave him water in silence. And he too would keep silence, looking at the ceiling, at a particular stain long known to him, and thinking how he was wasting his life, and that he would never gain fame and happiness. He confessed to himself that he was weak, worthless, and terribly lonesome. The boundless world seethed with moving human beings, and yet there was not one single soul who would come to him and share his pains—madly arrogant thoughts of fame, coupled with a deadly consciousness of worthlessness. With trembling, bungling hand he would grip his forehead and press his eyelids; but, however firmly he pressed, still the tears would ooze through and creep down over his cheeks, which still retained the scent of purchased kisses. And when he dropped his hand, it would fall upon another forehead, hairy and smooth, and his gaze, confused with tears, would meet the caressing black eyes of the dog, and his ears would catch his soft sighs. And, touched and comforted, he would whisper—

"My friend, my only friend!"

When he recovered, his friends used to come to him, and softly reprove him, giving advice and speaking of the evils of drink. But some of his friends, whom he had insulted when drunk, ceased to notice him in the streets. They understood that he did not wish them any harm, but they preferred not to run the risk of further unpleasantnesses. Thus he spent the oppressive, fume-laden nights and the sternly avenging sunlit days at war with himself, his obscurity and loneliness. And oftentimes the steps of his aunt resounded through the deserted flat, while from the bed was heard a whisper, which resembled a sigh—

"My friend, my only friend!"

Eventually his illusive fame came, came unguessed-at and unexpected, and filled the empty apartments with light and life. His aunt's steps were drowned in the tramp of friendly footsteps, and the spectre of loneliness vanished and the soft whisper ceased. Vodka, too, disappeared, that ominous companion of the solitary, and Vladimir Mikhailovich ceased to insult his aunt and his friends.

The dog too was glad. Still louder became his bark on the occasion of their belated meetings, when his master, his only friend, came home kind, happy, and laughing. The dog himself learned to smile; his upper



He would whisper—"My friend, my only friend!"

lip would be drawn up, exposing his white teeth, and his nose would pucker up into funny little wrinkles. Happy and frolicsome, he began to play; he would seize hold of things and make as though he would

somewhat, he went on to tell her that there were terrible, distressing moments, when he regarded his dog as his only friend, and laughingly related his promise to buy liver for his friend, when he should

have attained happiness—and he pressed the girl's hand closer to him.

"You clever fellow," cried she, laughing; "you would make even stones speak. But I don't like dogs at all: they are so apt to carry infection."

Vladimir Mikhailovich agreed that that was the case, and held his tongue with regard to his habit of sometimes kissing that black shiny muzzle.

One day Vasyuk played more than usual during the daytime, but in the evening, when Vladimir Mikhailovich came home, he did not turn up to meet him, and his aunt said that the dog was ill. Vladimir Mikhailovich was alarmed, and went into the kitchen, where the dog lay on a bed of soft litter. His nose was dry and hot,

carry them away, and when his master stretched out his hands to catch him, he would let him approach to within stride of him and then run away again while his black eyes sparkled with artfulness.

Sometimes Vladimir Mikhailovich would point to his aunt and say, "Bite her!" and the dog would fly at her in feigned anger, shake her petticoat, and then, out of breath, glance sideways at his friend with his roguish black eyes. The aunt's thin lips would be contorted into an austere smile, and stroking the dog, now tired out with play, on his glossy head, would say—

"Sensible dog—only he does not like soup."

And at night, when Vladimir Mikhailovich was at work, and only the jarring of the window-panes, caused by the street traffic, broke the stillness, the dog would doze near to him on the alert, and wake at his slightest movement.

"What, laddie, would you like some liver?" he would ask.

"Yes," would Vasyuk reply, wagging his tail in the affirmative.

"Well, wait a bit, I'll buy you some. What do you want? To be petted? I have no time now, I am busy; go to sleep, laddie!"

Every night he asked the dog about liver, but he continually forgot to buy it, because his head was full of plans for a new work and of thoughts of a woman he was in love with. Only once did he remember the liver. It was in the evening; he was passing a butcher's shop, arm in arm with a pretty woman who pressed her shoulder close against his. He jokingly told her about his dog, and praised his sense and intelligence. Showing off



The dog would fly at her in feigned anger.



"THE BOWMEN

DRAWN BY



OF MONS."

DRAWN BY

An interesting example of the growth of legend is afforded by the story of the appearance of supernatural beings fighting for the British at Mons. Mr. Arthur Machen wrote, and published on September 29, 1914, a short story entitled "The Bowmen," which described how "St. George had brought his Agincourt Bowmen to help the English." Our artist has illustrated the following passage in the story: "And as the soldier heard these voices he saw before him, beyond the trench, a long line of shapes, with a shining about them. They were like men who drew the bow, and, with another shout, their cloud of arrows flew singing and tingling through the air towards the German hosts." The story has since been

published in book form, with a preface by Mr. Machen in which he states that it was entirely his own invention and based neither on fact nor fiction. He also mentions that the subsequent tales of heavenly warriors at Mons—in some the shining warriors became angels instead of archers—were really derived from his short story. Mr. Harold Begbie, in his booklet, "On the Side of the Angels," suggests that Mr. Machen may have received the idea of the story by telepathy from the brain of a wounded or dying soldier at Mons, who may have actually seen such a vision.

His eyes were troubled. He made a slight movement of his tail, and looked piteously at his friend.

"What is it, boy—ill? My poor fellow!"

The tail made a feeble motion, and the black eyes became moist.

"Lie still, then; lie still!"

"He will have to be taken to the veterinary: but to-morrow, I have no time. But it will pass off—" thought Vladimir Mikhailovich, and he forgot the dog in thinking of the happiness the pretty girl might give him. All the next day he was away from home. When he returned his hand fumbled long in searching for the bell-handle, and when it was found hesitated long as to what to do with the wooden thing.

"Ah, yes! I must ring," he laughed, and then began singing, "Open—ye!"

The bell gave a solitary ring, goshes squish-squashed, and the key squeaked as it was taken out of the lock.

Vladimir Mikhailovich, still humming, passed through into his room, and walked about a long time before it occurred to him that he ought to light the lamp. Then he undressed, but for a long time he kept in his hands the boots he had taken off, and looked at them as though they were the pretty girl, who had only that day said so simply and sincerely, "Yes, I love you!" And when he had got into bed he still saw her speaking face, until side by side with it there appeared the black shiny muzzle of his dog, and with a sharp pain there crept into his heart the question—

"But where is Vasyuk?"

He became ashamed of having forgotten the sick dog—but not particularly so, for had not Vasyuk been ill several times before, and nothing had come of it? But to-morrow the veterinary must be sent for. At all events, he need not think of the dog and of his own ingratitude that would do no good, and would only diminish his own happiness.

When morning came the dog became worse. He was troubled with nausea, and, being a well-mannered dog, he rose with difficulty from his litter and went to the courtyard, staggering like a drunken man. His little black body was sleek as ever, but his head hung feebly, and his eyes, which now looked grey, gazed in mournful surprise.

At first Vladimir Mikhailovich himself, with the help of his aunt, opened wide the dog's mouth, with its yellowing gums, and poured in medicine; but the dog was in such pain and suffered so that it became too distressing to him to look at him, and he left him to the care of his aunt. And when the dog's feeble, helpless moan penetrated through the wall, he stuffed his fingers into his ears; and was surprised at the extent of his love for this poor dog.

In the evening he went out. Before doing so, he gave a look in at the kitchen. His aunt was on her knees stroking the hot, trembling head with her dry hand.



"I don't like dogs at all: they are so apt to carry infection."

With his legs stretched out like sticks, the dog lay heavy and motionless, and only by putting one's ear down close to his muzzle could one catch the low, frequent moans.

His eyes, now quite grey, fixed themselves on his

through his closed eyelids and rolled quickly down on to his bosom. He was ashamed that he was kissing a woman at the very moment when he, who had been his friend, lay a-dying on the floor alone. And he dreaded what his aunt would

think of him, a serious man, if she heard that he had been crying about a dog.

Much time has elapsed since these events. Mysterious, outrageous fame had left Vladimir Mikhailovich just as it had come to him. He had disappointed the hopes that had been built on him, and all were angry at this disappointment, and avenged themselves on him by exasperating remarks and cold jeers. And then they had shut down on him dead, heavy oblivion, like the lid of a coffin.

The young woman had dropped him. She too considered herself taken in.

The oppressive fume-laden nights, and the pitilessly vengeful sun-lit days, went by: and frequently, more frequently than formerly, the aunt's steps resounded through the empty flat, while he lay on his bed looking at the well-known stain on the ceiling, and whispered—

"My friend, my friend, my only friend!"

And his trembling hand fell feebly on an empty place

THE END.

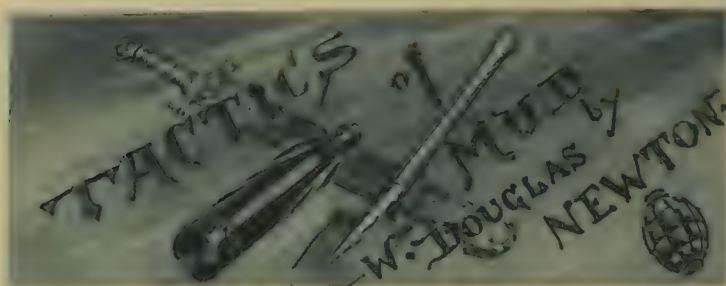


His aunt was on her knees stroking the hot, trembling head with her dry hand.



The Battle-Ship's Christmas Present.

DRAWN BY S. HEGG.



ILLUSTRATED BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE Gunnery Captain did not really move; merely his air of alertness congealed.

"Here's the old lady," he said, without looking round. "Beautifully unmethodical in her habits, ain't she?"

The Lieutenant sucked at his empty pipe, endeavoured to be stoic about the rain-drops that made a watershed of his spine, and examined the landscape.

"Don't that colour scheme make her coy to the eye?" he said, and he lifted his glasses from under his mackintosh hat-cover and "foked the brute."

The two Artillery officers concentrated on the splodge of ground-colour that slipped like a shadow over the dun earth. All the same, they did not appear to be examining the splodge's personality so much as its—or her, since she seemed female—social habits. As the splodge moved along like a ghost to the far left of their vision, the two men spoke, but rather as men annotating an accepted fact than men indulging in the Book of Revelation. They were, indeed, annotating a little masterpiece of their own, constructed with great attention and care through many days.

"Came from behind the railway embankment, as per," said the Lieutenant. "Hugging that dyspeptic spinney in the same old way."

"That's the registered line of advance," said the Captain. "We can decide on that. Obvious, too, because it gives her the best field for a rush."

"Changing direction," chirruped the Lieutenant.

Both men held and looked steadily at the moving splodge, which was growing larger and showing she

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leaping strides. And then the guns began to fire.

"Knew she'd exhausted her lines of approach," said the Captain. "Third time she's used that road out of the five possible. C'n put down five as the limit."

The Lieutenant wagged his head. It appeared he knew. Indeed, both men knew the habits of the "old girl" with an extraordinary assurance. The

possessed wheels. She swung again to the left as if she would curve and double back on her course. Her pace piled up. At a fervent rush she rounded the spinney in a great détour, vanished out of sight, appeared for a moment bumping over the grass of a big field, went out of sight with jumping and

Lieutenant's elbows braced a trifle, and he seemed to glare through his glasses more vividly.

"Go it, you blighters," he said thickly, and his back wriggled a bit in his excitement.

The splodge came into view once more. Only now it was not a splodge. It was an enormously hefty armoured car.

The Captain was excited too. His shoulders lifted rapidly as his breath pumped in and out quickly. And he had things to say.

"Lord! Lord!" he plain-chanted. "Don't waste shrapnel—don't. Hasn't anybody got a high-power shell?" His breath whistled. "Hal-lo," he said deeply.

A mushroom of black smoke had kicked up into the air. It stood up stiff like a man holding out his hands to heaven. The car went out of sight in the flurry of vapour.

"Over," said the Lieutenant with habitual resignation. "Over her a good twenty feet, and any amount of miles in front."

The car pushed, hitting and spitting like a cat, through the smoke reek. A couple of pillars of cloud jerked up behind her—well behind.

"Pretty turn of speed," said the Lieutenant, who



A mushroom of black smoke.

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believed in giving the Devil his testimonials. "Cap't knock her out while she travels like that. If she'd only stop to argue."

The big automobile came along, hitting the road at a great pace. She was obviously French in chassis—that is, of a first-class design, built as strong as the world, and meant for speed. Only French engines, too, could gallop over this kind of country at that rate of going. On to the chassis had been reared a minor German fortress of good boiler-plate steel. The tonneau design was low, expanding into a circular gun-chamber at the top. The constructors had learnt the early lessons of the war, and they had crowned the structure with a cupola, steel-skinned and fixed on a turn-table. From the cupola poked the snout of a vicious quick-firer; and as the car rushed forward this gun was working with an infinite capacity for causing pain.

Her road lay across a piece of sandy common-land that fringed the British outposts. The common was a bleak, flat place, devoid of cover and full of the germs of death. It was a jolly place for car-work; for if the roads were blocked, as they sometimes were, it was easy for an intelligent chauffeur to take to grass and get clear. With swiftness and surprise a car could sweep the outpost positions and the barricades in the outpost hamlet, and, in a short burst, get clear before hurt came her way. This big armoured automobile was doing the trick now. She had also done it several times before.

The two officers studied her habits, and they were her old habits. She spun by the barricades and the loopholed houses, knocking splinters out of them with her kicking gun. They could hear the rifle-fire breaking out along the line as the infantry tried to dent her boiler-plates. Now and then a whiff of shrapnel snatched at her as she made her heaving

charge, and missed. Again and again a heavy shell would jump at her in a loutish two-handed manner, and fail to land. She bored on through the raffle of small-arm explosion, her gun going like a rattle, and the chunks of brick and tile and bagging flying as her missiles hit. Just for the flash of an instant she was before the outposts, and then she was away, dodging

she went from view—that is, she was travelling a trifle away from the two men. The officers, however, tucked away their glasses, pulled the thin branches of their cover (they were in a meagre wood) in front of them, and strove to sink deeper into the extraordinarily wet ground beneath them.

The firing behind had expired. The minor hornets nest that had been the outpost position a minute ago settled down angrily. Only a gun or two bumped off, as artillerymen felt about blindly in the hope of hitting. The episode was ended. Still, the two men crouched low, cowering into cover. They expected something to happen. In three minutes something happened. Out of a mesh of thin trees a big car came tearing. It swished by at a great pace. They had a cinematic vision of an ugly, neutral-tinted, top-heavy structure shouldering along at such a rate that the gun sticking out of the cupola nodded and jerked against the sky like a year-old peacock-feather in a two-year-old Paris hat. Into and out of their narrow field the car hurled, the thick mud shooting mad arcs from beneath her passionate wheels. Then she was gone. She curved out of sight to their right, and, as the men knew, entered her own lines about three-quarters of a mile away. The Captain grunted a minute after she had passed—

"The fourth time. This must

be entered up as her usual road home."

"I will guarantee that fact with six months' pay—such as it is," said the Lieutenant. He had a rag out of his pocket, and was getting some of the liquid ooze of the place off his hands. "Real brilliant of us to have nosed out this road all on our own little brains, eh?"

The two officers extracted themselves from their forms, and went "glugging" through the moist soil

(Continued overleaf)



An ugly, neutral-tinted, top-heavy structure.

down a side-track at an incredible speed, the following shots failing to get her with a beautiful consistency.

She broke free in the old way, and the two officers noted the fact and the reason.

"Never touch her at that speed," said the Lieutenant. "Never at all."

And the Captain answered, "My idea too."

The fighting car had been wiped out of sight. She had been heading straight back to her own lines when

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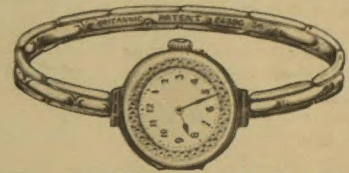
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to the road. They bent double as they walked, for the cover was thinned on the German side, and was probably under eye vision. When they reached the road, they crouched down under the cover of its shallow banks and examined it thoroughly.

It was a narrow and neglected strip, vehemently muddy, yet showing evidences that beneath its soft surface there were the rudiments of a fair *pavé*. Obviously it had gone out of fashion as a means of locomotion many years ago. It was, indeed, one of those casual side-roads doomed to anonymity by its inability to go to any place with decision and despatch. It had been planned by someone—probably a Theosophist—who had been infatuated by the charm of the longest way round. He was probably the only man who had used it consistently, and he had died many years ago. It was now a forgotten ribbon of firmness shoving a way through a baddish patch of swampy ground. It had been worthless until the enemy had found it and noted its strategic value.

The Captain and the Lieutenant had found it by logical accident. This big, lumbering armoured car had been worrying the outposts a great deal, and though the batteries had sprayed every possible route of retirement with great zeal and mathematical discretion, they had been unable to wing the brute. The battery commander had concluded that they had failed because the car was so fast; the Captain and the Lieutenant, while admitting her rapidity, had a theory that she followed a route unguessed by even battery commanders. They had worked out their theory by the practical method of going and seeing for themselves. So they had found the old road.

They had found the road in a tract of swampy ground left severely alone by the troops of both sides, especially in this rainy winter season. The immunity afforded by the sloppy and impracticable surface had been reinforced by several geographical facts, including a profusion of mangy trees and bushes, and the result was that the old road was well hidden from the British lines. The great brain who had engraved the maps for Allied consumption had entered it as an unmetalled track, and showered contempt on it in

other ways. Whether the enemy were better served by their map-makers did not matter. What mattered was that they had found the road and were using it.

The Captain had crawled a little along the road

didn't ask what his senior was doing, because he had seen the car bump at this place. He knew it for a bad patch. The road dipped, and the moisture drained into it, and even the *pavé* had not been sufficient to mitigate altogether its resolute boggiess. The Captain's grubber had cleared a small section of *pavé*, and the Lieutenant could see that the stones were sunk in parts, badly set, and inclined to be on the loose side. The Captain pushed the pick of his grubber in between two of the stones, pulled strongly, and the stone came out like an old tooth. The soft melody issuing from the Captain's lips changed to the epic tune that tells of home fires that should be kept burning.

"We get her here," he said very simply, and his grubber worked again and another stone came up. The Lieutenant unshipped his own tool. He was puzzled, but he was a willing lad to work.

"What's the specification?" he asked, and he conquered his stone too. "A mine?"

"Not so much healthy English vigour," said the Captain gently. "This is a job where tidiness is next to godliness." He extracted another cobble and placed it with profound care on the other stones under the bank. Then he answered the Lieutenant's question. "A mine? Who wants a squad of Sappers messing up the road? Who wants a working party kicking up a shindy and advertising the fact that we've spotted their means of exit? Who wants a mine when we've got mud?"

"Mud's a cure for rheumatics, I know," said the Lieutenant mournfully. "I'm counting on it to pull little Willie through when I'm finished with this rain-bath. All the same, how a cure for rheumatics is going to pull up a ramping, raging, tearing, high-power, boiler-steel car leaves my brain with a 'Lead-Kindly-Light' outlook. Why not explain a little?"

The Captain stopped work to get some of the rain out from under his collar. He nodded down at the eighteen-inch gap they had cleared in the road.

"Pretty soft subsoil—what do you think?"

The Lieutenant put his hand down into the ground they had exposed.

[Continued overleaf.]



"Mud's a cure for rheumatics, I know."

and was feeling through the mud with the "grubber" he had brought with him. He was whistling softly as he probed with the entrenching tool, and, though he was calm, he seemed satisfied. The Lieutenant had crawled along too, and was watching. But he



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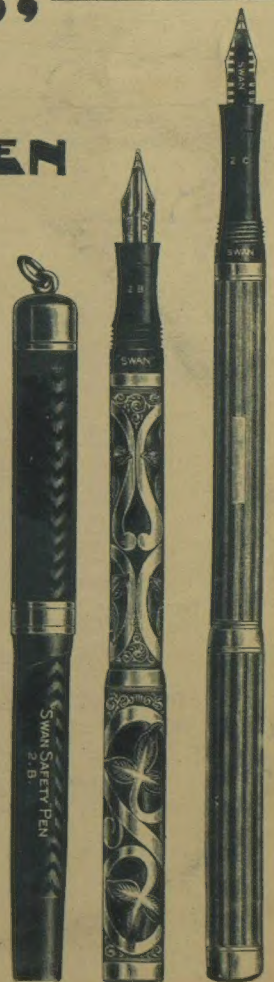
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"Soft as dough," he admitted. "Takes the water like a chunk of bread."

"I daresay we can make it even softer," said the Captain speculatively, and the Lieutenant looked sharply at him. It was that look the Captain answered. "Good. I see glimmerings of reason. I see that you are about to realise the tactical qualities of mud. Mud is our touchstone. You see, we've to do what we want to do without stirring up suspicion. They've got to go on using this old road—at least once. We must do nothing that will make them scared of coming along the road. And when they get on to the road they must see nothing on it or along it that will prevent them from tearing from one end of it to the other. Q.E.D. (or something), they must perceive no movement here—the sort of movement a sapping squad would make—that will stop them coming; and they must see no sign of obstacle or excavation once they have come. It must be the same old road with the same old mud—especially the same old mud."

The Lieutenant grinned.

"And especially a little more of it in one place—in this place. I see."

"I thought, perhaps, you might—if you took time," said the Captain, and he went back to his road-breaking. The Lieutenant got to work too, with a cheeriness that was exuberant. After his fourth stone, he asked—

"Yes; but when we've got her here—what then?"

"And you're a Lieutenant of Artillery!" sighed the Captain. "Such is the result of a highly expensive technical education."

"Oh—um—yes," said the Lieutenant, and he worked a little harder.

It had been a good deal harder than one would have thought, the Lieutenant reflected two days later, though they *had* done the thing with delicate artistry. The Lieutenant (two days later) was again flat in the boggy grass, and he was again looking at the road; and though he looked at it and knew what they had done to it, it was only his inside knowledge that enabled him to pick up that portion they had doctored from the rest of the surface.

From where he was he could see the patch, a good hundred yards to his left. He knew it was there by certain physical indications—the bushes, and the dip where the road had sunk under the excess of rain-water. He also knew it because it had been calculated in figures to a yard and put down as "M" on the one-centimetre map now under his eyes. A battery behind him had a similar map, and it was similarly marked. But apart from these things there was nothing to show any difference or danger on the road. There was the same old mud, softer after two days of rain, but still bearing the wheel-marks of the heavy armoured car. Even on the patch marked "M" the wheel-marks showed. The Captain, who believed in doing all things well, had added that touch of realism with a big round cobble.

The patch looked like the rest of the road, only it was not like the rest of the road. The Lieutenant thought of these things as he watched for the coming of the car.

They had done the thing thoroughly. Sitting in mud so that their heads would not show above the road-banks, they had removed twenty feet of cobbles over the whole breadth of the *pavé*. They had, with great labour, lobbed those cobbles into a multiplicity of bushes, so that every stone should be masked from the sight of man. Then they had doctored the bare patch. The steady rain, the regular drainage into the dip, had helped them a lot; but still it had not been easy. They had dug down over all the exposed patch

to the depth of two feet, but they had not removed the sodden earth: they had merely made it more sodden. They had made a batter of it until all over the space they had not only made it like a quagmire, but had evened it up until it was level with the general contour of the road. It was then that the Captain had added his touches of verisimilitude so that it would pass as a continuation of the general mud-scheme of the road. They had measured up and returned to camp the two dirtiest men in



The big car swept on.

the world, and at the same time not at all sure that the ruse would be successful, or be unnoticeable.

Still, as the Lieutenant had seen yesterday and saw to-day, there was nothing to fear, for the rain had helped to smooth down anything they had left rough. The road was a real trap, and it waited for its victim.

Waiting for the victim was chilly work. The Lieutenant had come out yesterday with his signal-disc, and the victim had not offered itself. The big

behind the railway to the left and started on its raid. The watcher's pulses beat quicker at once, and his will became cooler. He put out his hand to where he had stuck the handle of the signalling-disc into the ground so that it would stand upright behind a bush, and he pressed the lever sharply. The flap pivotted over the white and made the whole circle black, and he held his hand there as he watched the car slide forward. He had given the first signal.

The men at the battery now knew that the armoured brute was out to raid. When he released the lever, and the disc showed white again, they would know that their chance to strike had come.

The big car swept on, and the Lieutenant grew more excited but more cool. She went out of sight.

Now she was in view again. She was passing the barricades, and coughing and spitting fire like a mad cat. The machine-gunners were trying to blow her to blazes, and not doing it at all. The rifles were trying to eat her up, and nothing was happening. The shrapnel was as futile as ever, but the high-power shell had evidently realised that they had played naught but a fool's game before, for they kept out of the racket. So, plain to the eye all the time, the car hurtled on, hitting out savagely, knocking up splinters at every foot.

Then she swept out of sight.

The heart of the Lieutenant began to hammer like a two-stroke motor. The whole of his body was shaking. He wanted to get up and look. He wanted to see at once whether the brute was coming his way or not. He waited for half-a-dozen eternities, and then he began to groan. The infernal thing had gone along another route. The wretched thing had—

With a headlong and hurling rush, the armoured car came leaping along the old road.

The Lieutenant did not know whether he yelled then. Anyhow, it didn't matter. The big car charged down the road like a bull. The mud flew over the banks in terrific arcs. She covered the sector of his view in great bounds. She hurled toward the right—

She seemed to have been up over her axles in mud since all time. The Lieutenant saw her plunge nose-down first, then with a kick drive almost level again, but once she was in the patch she looked as if she had

grown there. It was, of course, the vision of an instant. Her gun had jerked and swung round with an awful bump. Her engines were screaming like mad horses, and the mud spurned up in showers from her kicking driving-wheels. All that was seen in a flash. In an instant it had gone. Over the scream of her engine had risen the harsh roar of a big, dropping shell. The roar expanded, filled the world; in a moment it had checked in a terrible crash.

A tongue of flame spurted up to the sky. Smoke whirled after it in chase; a chunk of boiler-plating went up in a queer curve before his eyes. He heard the soggy thuds of hard things hitting the marsh. The smoke lifted a little.

"My God, outed in one shot!" he cried, as he

And he heard another roar growing in the sky.

He looked at the disc. It showed white. His mind had not given the order, but his instinct had sent the signal perfectly. The howitzers behind him were shelling "the point marked 'M' on the map." The second shell arrived with the sound of an earthquake, and the Lieutenant worked the signal-lever again. The disc went black. It was the signal to stop firing.

THE END.



A tongue of flame spurted up to the sky.

car had raided as usual, but it had chosen another way back to its lines. There was no reason to suppose that the car would raid to-day, or, if she did, whether she would use the doctored road. Still, he had to be there and watching. Patience is a great virtue; but warm, dry weather are the best conditions in which to practise it, the Lieutenant thought.

The Lieutenant was wondering—rather fearfully—if they had given themselves away as they worked on the road, when the big car came from